The Washington Monthly

MAY 1981/$2

THE NEW MECCA:
Now It's Washington, Not New York

HIGHBROW ROBBERY:
WHY COLLEGE SHOULDN'T COST SO MUCH

NICHOLAS LEMANN
ON THE EVOLUTION OF THE CONSERVATIVE MIND

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We're doing what has to be done.

Auto Safety.

Crashes kill. They maim and cripple. And they are costly to Society. That's why Property-Casualty insurance companies support safer automotive engineering.

It's nine o'clock at night. Visibility is poor and rain is turning to sleet. You're driving home after an unusually hard day. Preoccupied, you don't realize the road is icy until, suddenly, you reach a curve. You struggle to maintain control, but you can't. You skid off the road at 40 miles an hour and smash head-on into a large tree. The sound of the crash is thunderous.

Then—silence. And you open the door and walk away. Impossible? In today's car, yes. But not in tomorrow's.

Today, automobile accidents injure more than five million people a year... and kill over 50,000. A national tragedy and a national problem.

Many serious accidents involve drinking drivers, youthful drivers, or tired drivers. Human error can never be eliminated. But a great many deaths and crippling injuries can be avoided by stressing safety in automotive design and engineering.

That's why Property-Casualty insurance companies support the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. IIHS is an independent scientific organization that studies the causes of highway crashes and injuries and then suggests what can be done to reduce them.

IIHS has found that automobile design is a major contributor to crashes and injuries. In frontal crashes, for example, some designs allowed the hood to slash through the windshield and invade the passenger compartment. Partly because of IIHS investigations, the Federal Government in 1977 adopted a performance standard to prevent this.

Another example: after a crash,

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many car fuel tanks were prone to rupture or leak, heightening the chance of lethal post-crash fire. Again, IIHS research ultimately led to action: Congressional hearings and adoption of a corrective safety standard.

The Research Safety Vehicle (RSV) is a prototype automobile that demonstrates today's "state of the art." When all cars embody RSV's features, a 40-mph, head-on crash won't have to mean death or even serious injury. That's why IIHS and insurers strongly support the RSV program.

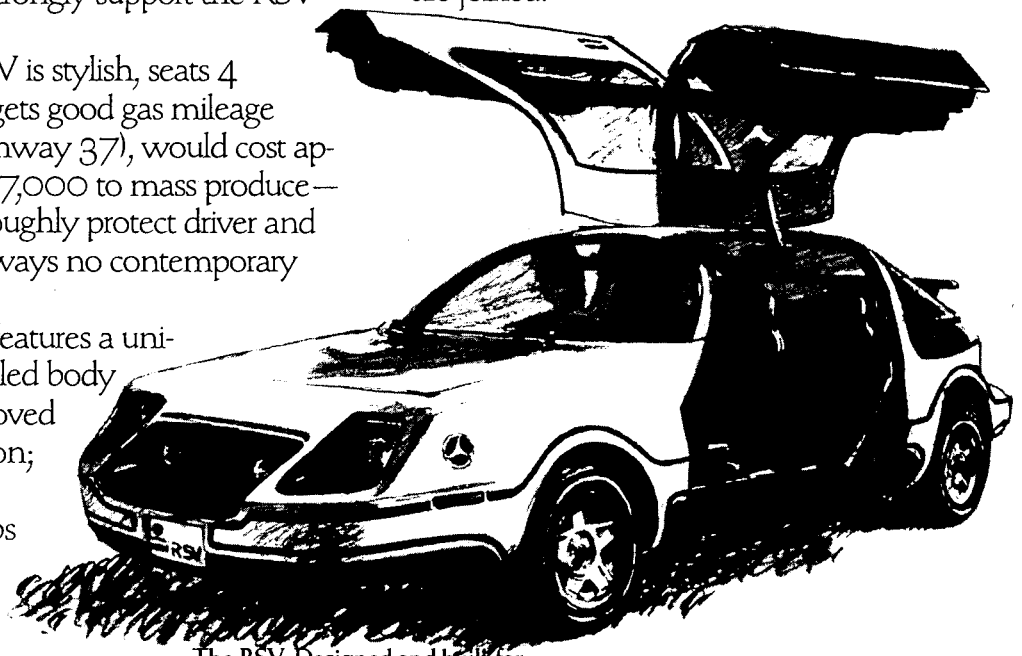
The RSV is stylish, seats 4 comfortably, gets good gas mileage (City 27, Highway 37), would cost approximately $7,000 to mass produce—and can thoroughly protect driver and passenger in ways no contemporary auto can.

The RSV features a unitized, foam-filled body shell for improved crash protection; an interior 'clean' of knobs and gadgets that can injure and maim; improved protection in a side-impact crash or rollover; plus, seat belts and an automatic air-bag protection system. (The RSV also includes such amenities as air conditioning and citizens' band radio/AM-FM stereo cassette combination.)

You can't buy the RSV today. But we hope that tomorrow, these improvements in auto safety will be standard in automotive designs.

The IIHS research program and the RSV are positive efforts. They show that tomorrow's cars—the ones being designed right now by the world's auto manufacturers—could be much, much safer than those on the road today.

Obviously, for Property-Casualty insurance companies, auto safety is an area where social responsibility and self-interest are joined.



The RSV. Designed and built for the Government by private industry contractors.

Our primary concern is to save lives and reduce injuries, wherever possible. But we also realize that the fewer claims we receive and the lower the cost of medical bills, the more policyholders will benefit—both from improvements in auto safety, and from positive effects auto safety features have on auto insurance costs.

We're working to keep insurance affordable.

This message presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, NY, NY 10038

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Letters

No White Lie

The article in the March issue by Gregg Easterbrook ["How to Make the Buzzard Bonanza, the Kuwait Connection, and the Laszlo Low-Down Work for You!"] is an excellent review of the questionable leasing activities of the General Services Administration that led us to introduce, and the Senate to pass overwhelmingly, a bill to reform the Federal government's public buildings program. Mr. Easterbrook does not accurately describe the provisions of the legislation, however.

Most egregious is Mr. Easterbrook's accusation that the bill's authorization for GSA to borrow funds from the Treasury "perpetuates the little white lie" of current leasing practice (in which the full cost of leasing is not shown in the budget). This is not so. Our bill specifically requires, in line with practices approved by the Office of Management and Budget and the congressional budget and appropriations committees, that the full amount borrowed by GSA be counted in the Federal budget the year the funds are borrowed.

SENATORS DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN
AND ROBERT T. STAFFORD
Washington, D.C.

Credit Where Credit . . .

The article in the April issue that was adapted from my book, *National Defense*, omitted a description of retired Colonel John Boyd and of the theories he has developed about different styles of warfare. As is clear in the book, Colonel Boyd deserves full credit for the characterizations of "maneuver" and "attrition" war, and for the emphasis upon adaptability and flexibility in laying plans for the nation's defense.

JAMES FALLOWS
Washington, D.C.

Gonzo Kraft

Jesus . . . OK . . . Is the tape running? Allright . . . I see you jabbering waterheads have finally gone and done it ["The Doctor Is Out," Joseph Nocera, April].

I mean it's true that the good Doctor no longer writes like a threshing machine running on ether, but then who does? It's true that a lot of his writing hasn't aged well, but then where do you see "reporting," especially "political reporting," that has that timeless quality of great literature?

As for the criticism of Thompson's selling of his notes, just take a good look around these days. Even in the august pages of the *New Yorker* you will find Heavy, Serious Journalists who are guilty of that sin.

Finally, the next time you send somebody to write a eulogy, don't send a disappointed fan. If Thompson ever grew up in the fashion that Nocera seems to want him to, we'd end up with another Joseph Kraft.

BILL O'MALLEY
Arlington, Virginia

Cut the Caffeine

Michael Kinsley's review of *Walter Lippmann and the American Century* [March] left me slightly perplexed.

First, there was your strange little editorial caveat—proceed with a grain of salt, the reviewer is a close friend of the author (Ronald Steel) whose work is being reviewed. I thought that decently candid of you, but after I got my guard up I found little, except implicitly, in the way of rave notices for Steel. One must take issue with Kinsley's pronouncement that "Lippmann may well be remembered best for Steel's biography," but that was so blatant as to constitute its own warning note of a certain lack of balance.

In fact, considering that the occasion for the review was that Steel's book had won a shared 11th Annual Political Book Award, Steel really got short shrift in the whole piece, which was a review of Lippmann himself, and a cranky review at that.

I am now reading the book myself. That Lippmann practiced sycophancy as a high art form cannot be denied, but if one chooses to view the man in only this way, one misses a great deal, including the fascinating process of watching an excellent mind cast about for the best direction this nation might pursue, as well as take up and play with and discard a number of conflicting ideas. What thinking person does not go through such growth and such search? Kinsley seems to say that Lippmann's whole life was devoted to self-aggrandizement, and his use of ideas and analysis only tools to that end.

This negative tone seemed vaguely familiar, so I looked him up and, sure enough, Kinsley is the same reviewer who, in the pages of *Esquire*, recently beat David Broder about the head and ears for having failed to write the book Kinsley would have preferred.

Of course, it is easier to get into print, as well as a good deal more fun, if one writes a carping and negative review of somebody else's work. It is also popular these days to go in search of clay feet on heroes. But to those of us who are trying to think through not only this nation's past but its future, to

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follow the evolution of the ideas and values we're supposed to represent to the world, these clever little shots are not particularly constructive contributions. Kinsley is beginning to come across to me as a fellow who fears he may not be taken seriously if he says anything positive, or else as a person who ought to consider cutting down on his caffeine intake.

MARIANNE KARYDES
Arlington, Virginia

Waving the Fifth

I have read with interest the response made by Robert Kaus to several letters which were received following the publication of his article on the Fifth Amendment ["Letters," March].

In support of his flat statement that I "recanted" about the Fifth Amendment, Mr. Kaus quotes from a speech I made at Northwestern University in 1960. He did not quote the title to that speech, which was "The Right To Be Let Alone." Nor did he quote the passage immediately following his quotation, which reads: "The privilege is fully justified and is of first importance if it serves to protect dissent and opposition to the government, and all matters of thought of freedom and opinion which, as history shows, are essential to the preservation of political and intellectual and religious liberty."

And earlier in the article, I said, with respect to the Fifth Amendment, "On the whole, I rather like it and regard its maintenance in our tradition as essential, if in the long run our liberties are to be preserved."

I am glad that Mr. Kaus has recognized that this was hardly a recantation. His discussion does not persuade me that we would really be better off without the Fifth Amendment.

ERWIN N. GRISWOLD
Washington, D.C.

Angry Librarians

Over the course of the last few years *The Washington Monthly* has been a staple of my literary diet. Hence, it was somewhat dismaying to read Alex Heard's article, "The Real Way to Save Our Cities" [February].

At a time when the budgets of many libraries are being slashed, one might expect your journal to be more of an advocate of libraries. While it is certainly more fashionable to spend one's free time in a jacuzzi or hot tub, libraries are certainly more accessible and more enlightening for the majority of the country's inhabitants.

Library work may not be as glamorous as the work of a test pilot or as rewarding as the labors of a doctor stationed in the African wilderness, but the people who do work in libraries probably perform more of a service to society than the majority of laborers and professionals. If Mr. Heard believes that librarians devote most of their working hours to nudging sleeping readers who are drooling on the periodicals, I suggest that he spend more time in libraries so as to discern what actually transpires. Once there Mr. Heard might read up on some of the really crucial problems facing this country's inhabitants and find more deserving targets for his barbs.

BILL BALLER
Albany, New York

Alex Heard suggests that pay for all city workers should be cut, or better yet, that raises never be given in the first place. He says, "When raises go to people like librarians and teachers—professions that are glutted with unemployed persons willing to take jobs for less than the going rate—it's madness." My only comment is that there are a lot of unemployed writers out there looking for jobs and I surely hope Mr. Heard wasn't paid for this one.

HELEN BERGAN
Alexandria, Virginia

I read your magazine with interest every month and usually agree with your articles. I beg to differ with your analysis of librarianship, however. While I agree that $17,035 is too much for an entry-level position (I don't make that much after eight years), I don't think you have a very realistic idea of what librarianship today entails. Perhaps once upon a time librarianship was "a career for people with an enduring love of books and a preference for a pleasant, quiet job." Today, however, school librarians contend with students who feel they have the right to behave in any way they please. Many of these "students" are on probation, some for violent crimes. Public librarians encounter drunks, drug addicts, and sex offenders, often without help from security personnel.

You also seem to feel that because the field is glutted, librarians should work for less. Maybe there ARE too many of us, but we still have to eat and keep reasonably warm (if you consider a house thermostat set at 60 degrees in a New England winter "reasonably warm").

KORIN E. OLSON
Clarksburg, Massachusetts

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The Supreme Court and Libel

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P.O. Box 3697,
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Cover Photo:
Larry Morris, Washington Post.

Published monthly except combined July/August issue by The Washington Monthly Company, 2712 Ontario Road, NW, Washington, D.C. 20009, (202) 462-0128.

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Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions—$22, one year; $39, two years; $52, three years. Foreign, including Canada, $2 per year additional, surface; air mail rates available on request. Back issues, $2.50. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to 2712 Ontario Road, NW, Washington, D.C. 20009. For changes of address please provide six weeks' advance notice and return old address label.

The Washington Monthly is indexed in the Book Review Index, the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, Public Affairs Information Service, the Social Science Index and Ulrich's International Periodicals directory, and may be obtained on microfilm from University Microfilms International, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Second class postage paid at Washington, D.C. and additional offices.

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VOLUME THIRTEEN NUMBER THREE
MAY 1981

TILTING AT WINDMILLS
by Charles Peters
Why Democrats need religion . . . Why politicians will look good in the Eighties . . . and other odds and ends. **6**

Who Will Catch The Falling *Star?*
by Gregg Easterbrook
One of America's top newspapers is writing its own obituary. **13**

The New Mecca
by Alex Heard
Now it's Washington, not New York City. **28**

The Evolution of the Conservative Mind
by Nicholas Lemann
From High Culture to Gilderdash. **34**

Highbrow Robbery
by Seth Kupferberg
Why college shouldn't cost so much. **45**

ON POLITICAL BOOKS **53**
by John Culver

POLITICAL BOOKNOTES **57**

LETTERS **2**
MEMO OF THE MONTH **33**
POLITICAL PUZZLE **56**
TIDBITS AND OUTRAGES **27**
WHERE TO STAY IN WASHINGTON **50**
WHO'S WHO **42**

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tilting at windmills

You may not have noticed, but Lyn Nofziger, the White House political director, and Helene Von Damm, the president's long-time personal secretary, are slumlords. They each own three dingy, run-down houses in Baltimore. Each has been cited for housing code violations. When one of Von Damm's tenants learned that her landlady was the president's secretary, she said, according to the *The Washington Post*, "Well, why doesn't he send somebody out to fix our heat?" Nofziger told AP, "If I didn't own them, somebody else would." . . .

During the course of a speech not long ago in my hometown, Charleston, West Virginia, I praised the Democratic party for its traditional advocacy of programs designed to help the less fortunate. After the speech, I was assailed by a local lady known for the fervor of her religion (Baptist) and of her politics (Republican): "Who says my husband and I should have to give money we've worked hard for to anyone else? Who says? I just want to know who tells me I have to do that." "Madam," a friend of mine interjected, "It is your Lord Jesus Christ who tells you."

This was not only an effective squelch, it obviously made the woman stop and think, and it made me stop and think, too. Why do Democrats leave religion to the Republicans? Last month this magazine ran a parody called "The Gospel According to St. Jerry," showing how profoundly un-Christian is the message of the Moral Majority. The traditional ideals of the Democratic party have been far more in accord with the generous spirit of the Jewish and Christian faiths. Religion is the most powerful force in the lives of most Americans. Next comes patriotism—their love of country. The intellectual elite of the Democratic party, by scorning both religion and patriotism, has thus cut the party off from its roots in the emotional life of the people. . . .

Speaking of patriotism and the left, I had an interesting experience as a panelist at a gathering of college journalists sponsored by Ralph Nader. Among the other panelists were Seymour Hersh, the former *New York Times* reporter who exposed My Lai; Les Whitten, Jack Anderson's number one assistant for many years; and Victor Navasky, the editor of the *Nation*. I respect all of them, but I was disturbed by their response to a question about whether a journalist should ever aid the CIA or the FBI. I was the only one who answered in the affirmative. Most of the audience seemed to think that both the CIA and FBI were completely evil organizations and that a journalist should never help them. Of course, it would be wrong for a journalist to accept pay from either organization—or to fail to report the evil they do and the mistakes they make. But what is wrong with giving them information that might prevent, say, a murder or an act of terrorism? It seems to me that we are both journalists and citizens; and that in both roles we should want to encourage the FBI and the CIA to do the right things and to do them well.

To be sure, the issue is complex. The CIA, for example, has such a bad reputation in some parts of the world that any association with it could be embarrassing. But such complexity does not mean that we should automatically refuse to perform our duty as citizens, as most of the participants at the Nader conference seemed to advocate. . . .

What kind of defense do we get for the billions we spend on NATO? If Norway is any indication, we should return to depending on the Atlantic Ocean. It seems, according to Tony Geraghty of the *London Times*, that 100,000 of Norway's infantry weapons—more than one fourth of the total—are spread around in barns and other unsecured buildings scattered about Norway. Norway's army consists largely of reservists who are

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to report to duty whenever the Reds cross the border. So that they can arm themselves readily, guns are stashed all over the country. The dumps are identified by a simple visual code known to every Norwegian male over 18. The result is that terrorists and others have been helping themselves to the arms, which include pistols, automatic rifles, light machine guns, mortars, recoil-less antitank guns, grenades, gelignite, and TOW medium-range armor-penetrating missiles. . . .

Do you recall that a few years ago the Reliance Electric Company was reported to have developed an electronic control system for motors that would reduce their energy consumption by up to 50 percent? It was predicted the device would save the United States a million barrels of oil a day. Guess who then bought Reliance? Exxon. And guess what Exxon has found? The device just won't work, the oil company executives mournfully tell us. This reminds me of the time in 1950 when the unknown young jockey of a horse named Middleground was told that if under his ride the horse won the Wood Memorial and thus had a real chance of winning the Kentucky Derby a few weeks later, a more experienced and better-known jockey would be engaged to ride the horse in the Derby. If, however, the horse lost the first race, the young jockey would get to ride in his first Derby. I did not bet on Middleground in the Wood. And I hope you didn't bet that Exxon would develop a device to cut oil consumption in half. . . . How can politicians protect themselves from scurrilous attacks by a scandal-mongering press? Senator Howard Baker and Governor Lamar Alexander of Tennessee have found the answer. According to *Adweek*, they will be among the new owners of the *Knoxville Journal*. . . .

A friend with access to the government's demographic statistics tells me they contain good news for the political leaders of the eighties. Problems that had appeared insoluble in the sixties and seventies, partly because of the nature of the population, may get easier in the eighties because of demographic change.

When the huge baby boom following World War II came of age in the sixties and seventies, the large number of new entrants into the labor force helped bring historically high unemployment rates. As we all know, the crime rate skyrocketed, savings declined, and the price of housing soared. But in the mid-1980s a number of these trends may begin to reverse. Then government policies may be perceived as achieving their goals, and the politician in charge of the country will appear to deserve the credit.

The post-World War II baby boom was a demographic tidal wave that, at its peak, produced over four million babies a year. The baby boom began in 1947 and the number of births did not begin to decline until the early 1960s. Today we are in the trough of the wave, with barely three million births a year.

The size of the baby boom was not fully appreciated for many years. Elementary schools had just finished their major expansions when the baby boom graduated to junior high and high school. Now the new elementary school rooms stand empty and many schools are being closed. The tidal wave of students had the same effect on the high schools and, most recently, the colleges.

But the same population facts that closed schools in the seventies mean that unemployment should be less of a problem in the mid-1980s, alleviating one of the most serious social (and political) problems of the last decade. Even though the number of new jobs grew 2.2 percent per year during the 1970s, unemployment climbed still faster because of the baby boom entering the labor force. The unemployment rate was only 4.9 percent in 1970, but hit 8.5 percent by 1975, and has defied all attempts to reduce it to the pre-1970s rate.

With the baby boom now assimilated into the labor market, the unemployment rate should begin to drop significantly. The most dramatic improvement should be for the young, those in their teens and twenties. Assuming that the number of new jobs continues to increase at the 2.2 percent rate and that the young maintain their present share of the jobs, by 1985 all of them will be employed, and by 1990 there should be a surplus of "youth" jobs.

A decrease in unemployment should also reduce the percentage of the population living below the poverty line. Today the majority of poor people are women and their children. Female-headed families have increased

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sharply in the last decade, from 10.8 percent of all families in 1970 to 14.4 percent in 1978. These families have lower incomes than the average family because there are fewer adult workers to provide income.

Thus increases in female-headed families increase pressure on the various government poverty programs and frustrate attempts to improve income distribution. In the last ten years there has been a direct relationship between the proportion of families headed by women and the proportion of women who are between 15 and 44 years old. The good news for the politicians in 1984 is that the number of women in this child-bearing age group is going to peak in 1986 and then slowly begin declining through the rest of the century.

Like the unemployment rate, the crime rate in the United States soared—by 66 percent—between 1968 and 1978. But here's something else to look forward to: it's likely this crime wave will become an eddy in the 1980s. In 1977, 70 percent of all people arrested were under 30; 34 percent of them were between 14 and 19. In the 1980s the absolute number of people in this younger age group will fall dramatically. As you can imagine, it will be an excellent time to be for law and order.

We all want our neighbors to love us. When we're away, we need them to look after our children, our home, our cats, our dogs. Yet, in Washington, our neighbors are likely to be the very same people the normal performance of our duties may require us to criticize or rule or vote against. As a journalist I have a duty to take a hard look at all those involved in public life. When I moved into my 15-house block in 1962, only one of my neighbors, a retired marine colonel, was a possible public figure. But all that changed five years ago when an apartment building on my block was upgraded to a condominium. Since then my neighbors have included David Stockman; Charles Goodell, a former New York senator and now a leading lobbyist for such causes as the Concorde and the Kingdom of Morocco; Patricia Goldman, member of the National Transportation Safety Board; Alfred Dougherty, former antitrust director at the FTC; Michael Cardozo, Carter's deputy White House counsel; and an assortment of foreign service officers and Washington lawyers.

Whenever I write a critical word about any of them or the organizations or causes with which they are associated, I dread going out to pick up the paper the next morning. So I'm sure that, however determined I am to overcome it, there has to be a strong psychological undertow pulling me away from picking on my neighbors. . . .

Smithsonian magazine, which only recently, you may recall, was bragging about how many of its readers traveled abroad each year, is doing more of the same with an advertisement directed at potential advertisers that says: "*Smithsonian*'s 1,800,000

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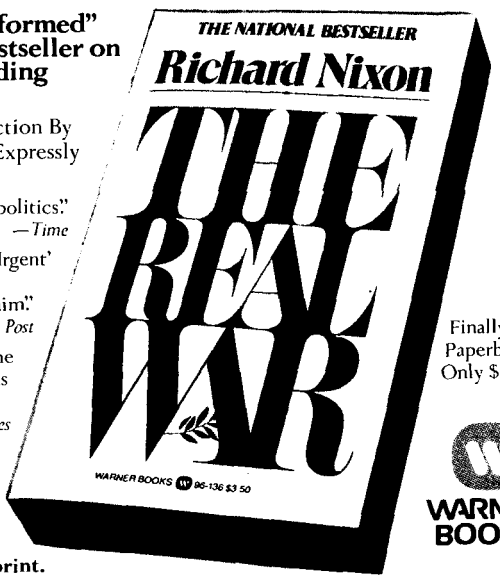

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subscribers have an average yearly income of $42,000. What more could they want? Everything."

Everything of course includes a continued postal subsidy so that these poor people can continue to afford to have the *Smithsonian* delivered to their homes.... The *New York Times* may be becoming mired in a similar moral problem. In Chicago, its new national edition is being home delivered only in the upper-income areas. "We want to reach the top two percent," a *Times* official says. This too is designed to attract advertisers by offering a well-heeled audience. But doesn't it also discriminate against all the other people in Chicago who would like to get the *Times* at home but who don't happen to be rich?...

Speaking of the rich, remember our praise a few months back for the District of Columbia's towing program? We liked it because the rich weren't able to escape just by paying; they had to endure the punishment of going first to one place to pay the fine, then to another distant location to retrieve their cars. We said hooray, for once the rich can't buy their way out. Not so. Not now that a new company has been established that for a fee eliminates all the hassle by paying your fine and transporting you by limousine to pick up your car....

Most students of government realize that in the minds of most congressmen constituent service has become the main avenue to reelection. Those who remain unconvinced may be persuaded by Lucille Craft of States News Service:

"Former Pennsylvania congressman Peter Kostmayer is continuing to handle constituent inquiries even though his term expired nearly three months ago and his Republican successor is crying foul. In a brief letter to the two-term Democrat whom he defeated in November, Rep. James K. Coyne demanded that Kostmayer hand over any files related to active constituent services.... Should Kostmayer refuse to hand over the files, Coyne plans to introduce legislation that would force him to do so."...

Recently I listed the main causes of inflation, beginning with OPEC and going through wage increases unaccompanied by productivity increases. I left out a big one and I bet you can't guess what it is. Dope. A recent study by the Internal Revenue Service estimates that the dope business involves $135 billion a year. Since 90 percent of the cost is a factor of illegality rather than of production expense, we could, by legalizing dope, eliminate a major cause of inflation.... I know you're going to say:

"But what about my nephew whose brain has been softened by marijuana? For God's sake, don't make it any easier for him to get the stuff."

Drugs relieve pain and anxiety. The only real way to control drugs—and include alcohol and cigarettes—is to help people control the pain and anxiety in their lives and to prohibit all advertising that would make smoking, drinking, or drugs so attractive that even those who don't need them would get hooked....

We all know Keynesian economics is dead. Of course. Yet what has been Europe's most successful economy in recent years? Austria. And how did the Austrians become so successful? They increased public spending and decreased unemployment to two percent. And, according to Paul Lewis of the *New York Times*, they did it while avoiding the runaway inflation that has plagued most of the rest of the world. Everyone's looking at Japan for the magic secret of economic renewal. Maybe we can find it closer to home and enjoy the Salzburg Festival at the same time....

Or maybe we can find it at home itself—eventually. Back to demographics, this time as it relates to savings, a popular topic right now. Total household savings rates, as measured by a consumer spending survey, have declined since 1958. Part of this decline can be explained by the demographic shift towards a younger population—the young save less than the middle-aged. As the baby boom ages, the household savings rate should increase. Estimates for when this will begin vary from the early 1980s to the late 1980s, but whenever it happens, the increase should help lower interest rates, dampen inflation, and encourage business investment.

The outlook is also good on the home-mortgage front. The percentage of total disposable income spent for home mortgages should begin

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to decline in the late 1980s after most of the baby boom have bought their first home. Because a home mortgage usually becomes less expensive in real terms over time, it's logical to expect a shift of disposable income from housing to other forms of saving. What this also suggests is that as the number of people who want to buy their first home declines year by year beginning in the mid-1980s, the demand for housing is also likely to decline. Housing prices, which have been such a major factor in the increases in inflation in the past 20 years, should moderate and the mortgage interest rates should finally come down. As these things come to pass, the politician who promised them will of course be hailed as a hero.

Family finances may also improve for another reason. Today 52 percent of all families with children have at least two children between the ages of 18 and 24. Because a substantial number of these children (34 percent) are in college, many families are under enormous financial strain. In five years the percentage of families in this category will drop to just over 44 percent and will continue to drop for the next ten years.

Not everything will come up roses, however. The ranks of the 65 and over will increase 20 percent in the next ten years. Social security and medicare will increase and the Veterans Administration will also come under growing pressure. Today veterans 65 and over are just under 20 percent of the male 65+ population. But by 1990 they will be almost 60 percent. Since turning 65 is considered a disabling disease in the VA, all 65+ veterans are eligible for full medical care. The VA hospital system could be facing an agequake in the near future.

Speaking of trends for the future, one always looks to California for signs of what is to come. The latest is "S&M safety" workshops. Their subject is how to avoid serious bodily harm while engaging in pain-and-bondage-type sex. This is obviously a matter of importance in the Bay Area, where, according to the *San Francisco Chronicle*'s Pearl Stewart, there are "some 30 bars and bath houses frequented by sado-masochists." The workshops are sponsored by the city, but the mayor says official acceptance of S&M is not to be inferred. . . .

Conservative businessmen are always saying we've got too much regulation and that such matters should be left to the states. Well, when Iowa tried to keep those giant twin-trailer trucks from crushing its pavements and endangering other motorists, who do you think opposed this exercise of states' rights? The Communist party? Ralph Nader? *The New Republic?* No. It was the trucking industry. And it prevailed with the help of those great conservatives on the Nixon-Burger Supreme Court. . . .

We *are* prescient. You may justly condemn us on other grounds, but we do tell you what's going to happen. Remember "Zbig for Life" in last January's issue? We said that because of another insane decision by the Burger Court, *Branfi v. Finkel,* you could expect political appointees from the Carter administration to claim—when a Republican administration came to power and they were fired—that their dismissal was unconstitutional because it was politically motivated. Now come Dale Milford, a former Democratic congressman, and Neale V. Chaney, who served for ten years as Democratic party chairman in the state of Washington, filing suits claiming that their dismissal as regional directors of the Federal Emergency Management Agency—what on earth is that, anyway?—was motivated by politics. . . .

Another subject of constant concern in these pages is the identity of the next head of the General Accounting Office, which is crucially important because it is the government's self-criticism apparatus. For a while, the leading candidate was said to be one Marshall Mays, a former head under Nixon and Ford of the Overseas Private Investment Corporation. But Greg Rushford may have taken care of Mr. Mays with this report that appeared in the *Federal Times* in early April:

"At OPIC, Mays often found himself the target of foreign aid reformers. Rep. Clarence Long, a waste trimmer who has fought to channel foreign aid to the poor in the developing world, called OPIC when Mays headed it 'a gravy train' for the 'Fortune 500,' the nation's 500 largest corporations. One project that particularly drew

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Long's ire in 1974 was OPIC's direct loan to Habitation LeClerc, a $150-a-day luxury hotel in Haiti. Habitation LeClerc became a symbol of all that was wrong with foreign aid. *Town & Country* magazine once ran an advertisement in which the resort's owner attempted to entice jet setters interested in 'a lascivious and decadent past that is everyone's innermost desire to return to.'"...

William Agee, the man who made Mary Cunningham famous, has hired Alonzo L. McDonald to be vice-president of Bendix. If what my Carter White House friends tell me is true, you should call your broker immediately and put in a sell order on your Bendix stock. McDonald, they say, did absolutely nothing at the White House other than rearrange offices and redraw organization charts....

Does David Stockman remind you of the cold, humorless revolutionary Strelnikov (Julie Christie's husband) in *Dr. Zhivago?* He's not quite that bad—remember, he's a former neighbor—but there is considerable similarity between the zealots of the right and the left. Strelnikov can't think of his wife and child. Stockman can't think of the poor. Did you read what he said about legal services, that the government has *no* obligation to provide such services to the poor? How can anyone look at the imbalance of the American legal system in favor of the rich and not realize that the poor are going to be screwed unless they, too, have legal help? For the short term, legal services for the poor are an essential ingredient of a just society. In the long term, of course, the society should be radically delegalized so that all of us would have much less need of lawyers. For a long time we played a fairly lonely role in this anti-legal crusade, but now we are being joined by a wide assortment of allies. *In These Times,* a socialist magazine, recently published an article called "The Courts Should Be the Last Resort," and *The Washingtonian*, a local magazine that circulates among the District of Columbia's most affluent residents, ran one called "Let's Kill All the Lawyers." The *Wall Street Journal* has suggested that the real secret of Japan's success may be its lack of lawyers....

Give the Reagan administration credit for taking on the dairy lobby and winning. It persuaded Congress to kill an increase in milk price supports scheduled to go into effect on April 1. The saving to the government was relatively modest—$147 million in federal subsidies—but the consumer was saved from an eight-cent-a-gallon increase in the cost of milk. And Reagan had to overcome the appeal to congressional conscience represented by $1.2 million in campaign contributions from the dairy lobby in 1980 alone.... By the way, those liberals who look to Fritz Mondale as their savior in 1984 should know that he was the key figure in thwarting initiatives within the Carter administration to cut back dairy price supports.

—*Charles Peters*

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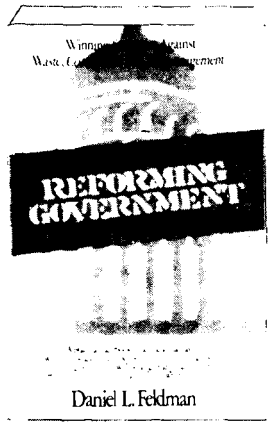
—Jack Newfield, *Village Voice*



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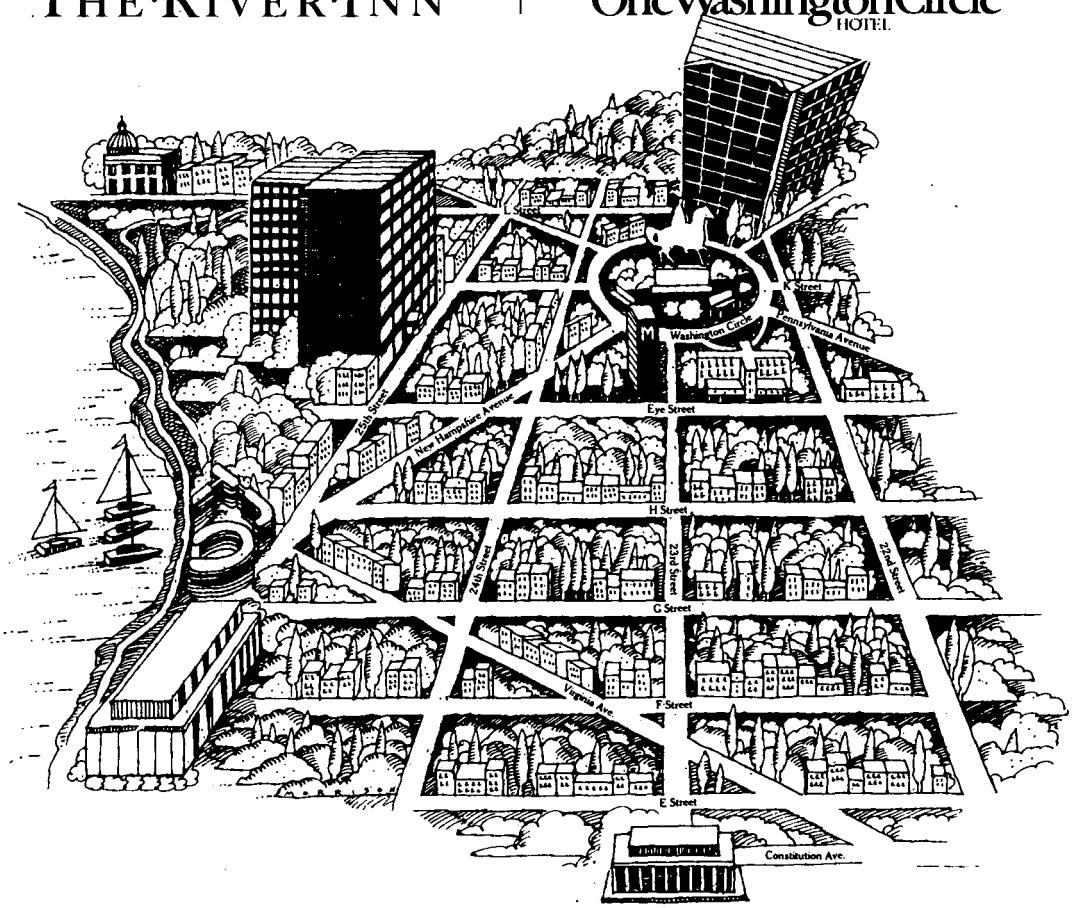

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by Gregg Easterbrook

Who Will Catch the Falling *Star*?

PHOTO BY BRUCE REEDY

In the aftermath of the attempt on Ronald Reagan's life, people rediscovered the back of their newspapers. The front pages were crammed with diagrams of brains and photos of Jodie Foster's midriff and instructions on how to buy handguns. You had to flip way to the back if you wanted to read about anything besides the shooting.

Except . . . hello . . . what's this? Here in the back of the Washington *Star* from Wednesday, two days after the event, is an important-looking story about the shooting. It's an interview with the paramedic who helped Reagan into the emergency room. It says the president was ashen and faint, looking much worse than we'd been led to believe. Yet the story, by reporter Howie Kurtz, is buried on page A-8 of the midday edition, behind such timely articles as "Williams Called Corrupt at Trial" and "Voyager Data Puzzles Team Viewing Photos."

The *Star* might not have thought very much of its story, but somebody else did—namely the Washington *Post*. The *Post* stole Kurtz's account and played it prominently on the front page of its Thursday edition. Meanwhile Thursday's *Star* gave page-one play to an interview in which Reagan's doctor said, yes, the president might have looked like hell (that is, the Kurtz story was correct) but don't worry about it, anybody who's been shot looks like hell for a while.

In other words, the *Star* buried its own scoop, then went out of its way to denounce the story—even as its competitor, the *Post,* was labeling the story important. My, how things have changed since the days of *The Front Page.*

Unfortunately, this is only one of many self-inflicted wounds the *Star* has suffered recently. Financially troubled for years, the paper now seems intent on doing itself in; if the *Star* dies, the county coroner will rule it a suicide.

You know what everybody says after a suicide: "Such a waste." That would be an appropriate sentiment here, for the *Star* is one of the country's top newspapers. It doesn't usually come to mind that way because it is overshadowed in its hometown by one of the best of them all, the *Post.* But those who follow journalism know how good the *Star* is. As the second paper in medium-sized Washington, it is better than the first papers in the large cities like Houston, San Francisco and Seattle, and infinitely better than the second papers in giant New York and Chicago.

Since Time Inc. bought the paper three years ago, it has made a series of moves that seem coldly calculated to insure the *Star*'s demise. Time Inc. has taken

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the *Star*'s fine collection of able writers and editors and essentially switched them off; the paper has deemphasized investigative reporting, lively feature writing, political analysis, and many other things readers (especially Washington readers) demand. In its place the *Star* is offering dull formula reporting of "official" events—press conferences, congressional hearings, government reports, and so on. Addiction to "official" news explains the *Star*'s puzzling treatment of its presidential paramedic story. Because the story resulted from reporter Kurtz's own enterprise, going out and getting something *not widely believed, Star* editors downplayed it. Reagan's doctor's comments, however, were a certified official event, so the paper gave them prominent treatment. If this seems to you like a perfect inversion of the way newspaper editors are supposed to think, rest assured: it is.

Another suicidal sign at the *Star* is the installation of an autocratic editor-cum-grand-vizier, Murray Gart. While personally talented, Gart seems to have done the paper far more harm than good. Among the complaints against Gart: that he has fenced himself off behind pickets of expensive executive dead wood; that he has driven newsroom morale to an all-time low; that he has used the paper for his own social advancement; and that he occasionally tones down or spikes (refuses to print) stories that might offend friends or advertisers.

You might think of the story that follows as a "file obit" on the *Star*. Newspapers routinely prepare obituaries for famous people long before they actually die. File obits are constantly updated to take into account developments in the subject's life; sometimes developments make the whole file obit obsolete. This file obit concerns what will, in retrospect, be interpreted as an unmistakable pattern of suicidal signs, should the *Star* expire. Fortunately there is time to reverse the course of events—which is why the story is worth telling.

Out of Focus

Since the early 1970s, the *Star* has been tossed about like a bomb with a lit fuse. It's had three sets of owners and, despite the paper's prestige, each has been constantly scanning the horizon for someone else to toss the bomb to before it goes off.

In 1974, financier Joe Allbritton bought the paper from the staid Noyes family. At the time its circulation was about 370,000—down from a peak of 418,000 in late 1972—and the *Star* printed nothing but afternoon editions.

Allbritton hired James Bellows to run the paper, and Bellows quickly concluded that the *Star* could never match its rival, the *Post,* in head-to-head coverage of breaking events. The *Post* had a larger staff, vastly greater resources, and most of all a larger newshole (more space for stories). So Bellows set out to make the *Star* a paper of style and flair—full of in-depth reporting, analysis, and witty features. He instituted a daily feature called "In Focus"—a long front-page article on something unrelated to the day's events, that is to say, something that wasn't already in the morning *Post.* Bellows gave most news items a "soft" or "second angle" lead, emphasizing the why of their meaning, as opposed to the who-what-where of their details. Bellows knew that most *Star* readers had already seen the who-what-where in the morning *Post*—or, if not, could get the details on the evening news, which was coming on just as the paper hit the stands.

Bellows's approach, then, was to make the *Star* more magazine-like. It was the same strategy many afternoon papers were using against their twin antagonists, the postindustrial economy and television. In the days when most people worked 7 to 3 shifts in factories, evening editions naturally dominated. After all, the crack of dawn was much too early to read about shifting social mores in Qatar; just before dinner, on the other hand, was the perfect time for a tired worker to put his feet up with the paper. As more and more people found themselves in managerial or service jobs working 9 to 5, this changed. It became natural to read the paper before shuffling off to the office. By the time tired bureaucrats left for the day it was dark enough to go straight to cocktails or dinner; anyone still lusting for the latest from Qatar could get it by just throwing a switch on the television. Afternoon papers became the odd man out.

Editors like Bellows assumed the best hope for the afternoon paper was to offer readers something unavailable elsewhere—the style and elegance whiz-bang newscasts can't provide, and the analytical details morning papers usually lack. (Because most news events happen during the day, morning papers traditionally have less time to work on their stories than afternoon papers. The morning paper must go to bed with its Monday stories late Monday evening; mean-

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while the afternoon paper has until Tuesday morning to work on its Monday stories, allowing more time for reflection or chasing down sources.) So Bellows made the *Star* stylish, and his improvements caused immediate excitement. What had once been a listless and predictable paper began to bubble. People around town started talking about the *Star;* people at the *Post* became a little jittery. An esprit built up among the *Star* staff, and readers could see it in the final product, which was full of excitement and daring. "In those days you looked forward to going to work in the morning," said a longtime *Star* veteran. "People were loose, they were eager. You could spend a lot of time with a story and work on it until you had something that was a joy to read."

The results, of course, included lows as well as highs. Bellows was committed to an "In Focus" feature every day. Sometimes there just wasn't a worthwhile idea, and then a real nose-holder was hung out on the front page for all to see. But more important, while people seemed more enthusiastic about reading the *Star,* they were not more enthusiastic about buying it. Circulation continued to fall. *Star* followers protested that if Bellows just had sufficient capital, his format would make money. But Allbritton had lost interest in the publishing game. He deftly split off the *Star* company's profitable holdings and put the paper up for sale. Time Inc. bought it for $28 million in March 1978, when its circulation was about 330,000.

Reaction to the Time Inc. purchase was generally positive. Bellows had departed just before the transaction, but to the reader, his absence seemed immaterial. What mattered was that the attractive *Star* format would be backed by heavy corporate money and sophisticated management. Time Inc. was rich with cash and had a record for turning everything it touched—*Time, Fortune, Money, People, Sports Illustrated,* Book of the Month Club, Home Box Office—into gold. Washington would get the best of both worlds—a great paper and a financial success.

Early on, though, there were indications Time Inc. had just one of those goals in mind. James Shepley, Time Inc.'s president and the motive force behind the acquisition, "let it be known that he wanted stories short, simple and one-dimensional," said a former *Star* staff writer. "He thought 15 inches [about 750 words] was a good length for a story. At the time we were writing 30- and 40-inch stories." Length changes

Financially troubled for years, the paper now seems intent on doing itself in. If the *Star* dies, the county coroner will rule it a suicide.

alone would mean a major shift in focus for the paper; shortness rules out most kinds of creative, investigative, or analytical reporting. To the outside businessman, radically changing the formula had an obvious appeal; the Bellows formula wasn't selling, so why not try something new? But Time Inc. seems to have dismissed with little serious consideration the idea that the Bellows formula would sell with proper backing. The company instead embarked on a "safer" editorial plan.

Shepley sent Murray Gart to be the *Star's* editor. Gart had been chief of correspondents at *Time* magazine. There he left three basic impressions on those who knew him: as a man with commanding knowledge of foreign affairs and organizational politics; as a shameless social climber; and as a turk who specialized in cleaning out people's lockers. When *Time* wanted someone out it was often Gart who swung the ax, and if it bothered him, he didn't let it show. There was immediate speculation that Gart's authority would be only temporary. He would fire the people Time Inc. wanted fired and reshape the paper in the company's image; then Shepley would come down from New York and take over, or at least be a powerful publisher. That way Shepley could bask in the glamour and prominence of running a Washington newspaper without having to do much dirty work, or argue with a rebellious staff. The glamour of a Washington paper had been, for Time Inc., a prime inducement to buy the *Star* in the first place; it would give the company more insider clout. If the paper in question had been the Indianapolis *Star,* there would have been no deal. (A *Star-Time* axis would also create a mirror image of the *Post-Newsweek* alliance, *Newsweek* being owned by Katharine Graham's company.)

Gart and Shepley apparently concurred on the desire to make the *Star* more predictable and

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conventional, but by all reports, Gart had a very different picture in mind regarding one part of the paper's future—he saw himself at the center of the frame, all the way.

A Gart Attack

As soon as Gart arrived, he began to throttle back the *Star's* irreverence and panache. "In Focus" was moved inside the paper, then its accompanying art was killed. When national editor Barbara Cohen, an "In Focus" defender, left, the feature was dropped altogether. Gart gave over an entire column of the precious front page to an index called "Today's News," which summarizes events in the barest detail imaginable. He ordered that the paper begin printing entire texts of official pronouncements like presidential speeches. This meant a painful sacrifice of the already-small newshole, but appealed to the editor because he felt it would lend "paper of record" respectability. Gart also let the paper's investigative apparatus wither away. Now it is down to two people—reporters John Fialka and Kurtz. Both do well; Fialka is one of journalism's least recognized talents, and Kurtz is openly admired as a born reporter. But besides handling investigations Fialka and Kurtz are expected to write some routine stories; in contrast, the *Star's* lifestyle section has two people who do nothing but cover parties, and others who work parties part-time. Maybe they're looking for the smoking quiche.

For all intents and purposes, Gart told reporters on his national staff to forget about writing analysis. "As soon as he took over the word was passed down that interpretation wasn't going to be too popular," said a *Star* editor. Reporters were told to concentrate on "official" events—staged gatherings like State Department briefings and the signing of legislation. Gart told editors to run more wire service copy on foreign affairs, reflecting both his own interest in the subject and the fact that most wire service articles are extremely conventional recountings of "official" events from foreign capitals. He specified to editors that nearly all articles outside the realm of "official" coverage be cleared with him personally.

Some of the impact of Gart's ideas was positive. For instance, *Star* reporters were reminded of their obligation to go after both sides of the story. One veteran Washington journalist recalled his surprise over the different ways in which the *Star* and the *Post* covered Reagan's budget proposals. "Some of the *Post* reporters I observed made little or no effort to get a variety of comments on what the budget meant," he said. "They went looking only for facts and quotes that supported what *they* believed, instead of what their sources believed. *Star* reporters, on the other hand, went around town getting quotes from all sides. It was a real eye-opener." But readers found this admirable diligence generally neutralized by the lack of any interpretive stories explaining what the various quotes from all sides meant. Early in his reign, when faced with an interpretive story, Gart would grumble and make no secret of his displeasure, *Star* editors say; finally he would surrender and mutter, "Run it but put an 'Analysis' line on it." As Gart's power grew he was less likely to give ground. "We haven't had to use that 'Analysis' line in seven or eight months," another editor said. "Reporters have stopped producing stories with an interpretive spin. What's the point?"

The total conversion to Gart's official-news philosophy can be seen by examining the front pages of the *Star* for one randomly selected week, March 24 through 30. Forty-one of the *Star's* front-page stories, or 89 percent, were recitations of official events—presidential statements, local crimes, announcements from Poland. Only five of 46 stories were based on enterprising reporting or original thinking, or not directly linked to an official occurrence.

That same week the *Post's* front pages showed 35 of 61 stories, or 57 percent, falling into the official-news category. The remaining 26, nearly half, were based on enterprising or original work of some kind. (The *Post* has a higher number of page-one stories because it does not sacrifice any space to a news index.)

Star officials always object when their paper is set down next to the *Post;* they say the *Post's* much-larger newshole renders comparison meaningless. But the size of the front page is exactly the same for both papers, so it is the best place to judge relative priorities. Indeed it is ironic to note that, even as the *Star* has retreated to old-fashioned who-what-where journalism, the *Post* has increased its use of magazine-like features and enterprise reporting. In the long run Bellows's idea seems to have had more impact on the *Post* than on the *Star.*

The Squares Dance

The new *Star* format is dull and predictable, but that does not mean Gart is petrified of controversy. He has hyped—with four-alarm headline language in Christ-returns-size type—several stories, among them Billygate, Peanut-

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PHOTO BY BRUCE REEDY

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GART: Star *editor Murray Gart in his office.*

gate, and Murdochgate (Rupert Murdoch's Export-Import Bank loan coincident with his paper's endorsement of President Carter). Occasionally Gart seems willing to seize on a single story and twist it as far as necessary to keep it in the news. But Gart's bouts with controversy are the exception rather than the rule, and that may be a good thing, considering how sensationalized his attempts at crusading journalism have been. (Gart set a story quota during the height of Billygate fever, demanding headline articles whether there were any new developments or not. When a Senate panel sprang a flimsy and ultimately groundless "drug connection" charge on Billy, the *Star* hyped it as a banner story, "Billy Associate Tied to Drug Probe." For more on the *Star's* coverage of Billygate see "The Smokeless Gun" by Robert M. Kaus, October 1980.)

Gart has told Time Inc. intimates that he thinks Bellows took the *Star* so far in the direction of irreverence that he must now overcompensate with squareness. But the new format holds other appeals as well. One is that—as every undergraduate journalism student knows—writing a press conference story takes intense, strenuous effort for about eight seconds. No intellectual, creative, or even physical exertion is required; there just isn't anything easier. ("President Reagan is preparing to open a broad attack on waste and fraud in the federal government on several fronts this week, White House press secretary James Brady disclosed yesterday."—the banner story of the *Star's* Sunday, March 22 edition.) Many *Star* national staff members are now faced with the dilemma that

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has plagued postmen for years—they must somehow make it seem like it takes them an entire day to finish an hour or two of work.

Few *Star* reporters are happy with the change to official news. One calls it "the worst kind of mindless reaction journalism—press conferences mixed in with the occasional spectacular traffic accident. Nothing happens until a government official announces it has happened." Another called the format "stenography, not journalism."

For some time *Star* reporters and editors fought the new format. But then many of the best of them bailed out—editor Cohen to National Public Radio, reporters Fred Barnes and Vernon Guidry to the Baltimore *Sun,* feature writer John Tierney to *Science 81* magazine, investigator Ed Pound and legal reporter Robert Pear to the New York *Times,* metro reporter Mike Kiernan to the local NBC-TV affiliate, and political analyst James Dickenson to the *Post.* Apparently Gart isn't bothered by the losses. If anything, he's probably pleased by them. It hardly takes world-class talent to fill in the blanks of the new formula, so the loss of top performers does the paper little damage from the editorial standpoint. What it does do is allow Gart to bring in people who will obey him without protest—people who lack the stature to rebuke him, or the independence that comes from knowing they can get other jobs any time they want.

The words "apparently" and "Gart" keep appearing here in juxtaposition because he refused several requests to be interviewed. In fact most *Star* officials I called issued terse "no comment"s without even asking what the subject of an interview would be. Several alluded to a memo instructing that all press inquiries be referred to socialite Jayne Ikard, the *Star's* new public affairs director. *Star* reporters should be glad Ikard is not in a similar position with any government agency, for she said, "I guarantee you no editor of this paper will speak to you on any subject." She strongly urged me not to call Gart, warning, "If you do that it must be with the understanding that it is only to get your 'no comment' directly from him instead of through me." Ikard then explained that *Star* executives were "tired of giving interviews" and assured me it was "nothing personal." (Whew!)

Even the paper's "ombudsman," George Beveridge, refused to comment on anything. An ombudsman's job is to discuss a paper's policies and content. "I'm simply not going to address any of these questions," Beveridge said.

Whatever Gart's explanations for the new format may be, he is clearly proud of it. Television ads the *Star* is running testify to that. In the ads two newspapers are seen from the side, floating on a dry-ice cloud. As the announcer intones that "Some newspapers are slanted . . . one-sided . . . biased," one of the papers slowly flops on its side and disappears (slanting off to the left, of course). The remaining paper turns to the camera and reveals itself to be the *Star.* "Fortunately, there's the Washington *Star,"* the announcer says. He goes on to list the paper's virtues, declaring that last year, "The *Star* won more awards for editorial excellence than any other paper in town."

So I asked the *Star* for a list of its awards. Spokesman Ikard said, "Oh, no, I'm not going to give that out." It's an attractive picture—a paper whose editorialists nearly passed out demanding every minute detail of the trumped-up Billygate affair now refuses to reveal even the most basic substantiation of claims it is making in high-powered advertising. If the Federal Trade Commission still exists when this story comes out, somebody please take note. I asked Ikard why the identity of the awards (let's make that "alleged awards") should be kept secret. "We've already had quite a fracas around here about that list," was her reply, but she declined to elaborate.

The Elite Meet

As a tonic for the *Star's* declining circulation, Gart's official-news formula would seem to have all the curative powers of a cup of hemlock. It leaves the paper as little more than an echo of what readers have already heard, eight hours before, from the morning *Post.* It means the *Star* contains approximately the same items—expressed in the same stenographic fashion—as evening newscasts, "competing" with TV by being as much like it as possible. When the average person is given the choice between reading a story and watching exactly the same thing in living color, what do you suppose happens?

But Time Inc.'s marketing team feels otherwise. The *Star's* new format and advertising are based largely on a marketing survey which found that many well-off, conservative, white suburban Washingtonians are fed up with the *Post's* high-and-mighty liberalism. And though the format was changed and the ads prepared before Reagan's victory, the arrival in town of a new wave of well-off white conservatives is hardly a setback for this scheme. For the *Star,* promoting

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the lack of "slant" or "bias" does double duty as a code for "conservative," a genteel and diplomatic way of telling the Republican wave, "We'll never spoil your breakfast like the *Post* does."

In keeping with this approach Gart made another move calculated to cozy up to Washington's old-money establishment—a complete redo of the paper's lifestyle section. Under Bellows, the section had been a potpourri of whatever didn't quite fit the rest of the paper—sociology, half-serious politics, and off-the-wall items like the gossip column "Ear." Gart put a stop to that fast. "We were told not to do anything even remotely political," said a former editor.

Gart removed nearly all the flavor and insight from the section, making it about as interesting to read as Cheeze Whiz is to eat. "In Washington, style is an important story," said Mary Ann Dolan, a former *Star* editor now with Bellows at the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner*. "The political aspects of the social scene can be just as important as the political aspects of the Hill. Trying to cover a party without going below the surface is a sham, and readers know it. Washington readers are very sophisticated. They want to know the meaning behind events.

"What I can't understand is how a newspaper run by *Time* could make this mistake," Dolan continued. "The *Star* couldn't do any better than to imitate *Time's* beautiful, jazzy writing on culture and politics. Instead they run lists of who was at parties."

Lists of who was at parties is, in fact, a perfect description of much of the *Star's* lifestyle section. The "party girls" who attend social events (even women in the *Star* newsroom use this term) are instructed to name every influential name, throw roses by the dozen, and avoid saying anything untoward. The section recently printed a complex chart showing who sat next to whom at the Gridiron Club's annual dinner. (Katherine Koob was to the left of General Robert Barrow, future historians will be amazed to discover.) A typical party story lead: "The International Eye Foundation, a nonprofit organization whose aim is to promote peace through its work in restoring sight and preventing blindness in 35 countries from Indonesia to El Salvador, held its 15th Annual Eye Ball last night. . . ."

Gart's purpose here is less than subtle. "There's a certain group of the old-line establishment that he is openly courting," said a former *Star* official. "He wants to make it unmistakably clear they can always expect to be fawned and gushed over in the pages of the *Star*." To advance his purpose Gart restored to prominence a dowager columnist named Betty Beale. Beale caters to the worst instincts of those who feel vicarious self-importance when they are thrown crumbs from the private tables of the moneyed and favored; she is enough to convert George Gilder to Bolshevism. Here is how her column after the assassination attempt began:

Both the *Star's* investigative reporters are expected to write routine stories as well . . . in contrast there are two reporters who do nothing but cover parties . . .

"The shocking news out of Washington last Monday no sooner hit the group at the Mandy Ourismans' house in Jamaica, where the Archie Roosevelts and the Leonard Markes were visiting, than the talk turned to remedies for such senseless acts.

"The English have a tough and effective gun-control law. Two of the more macho Britishers you'll meet anywhere, attractive Maj. Kenneth Diarce, who runs the Tryall Club there, and devastatingly handsome Mark Shand, 30, who was named one of London's 10 most eligible bachelors (along with Prince Charles) in *Queen* magazine last year, think the availability of handguns in America is appalling. . . ."

Even if old-money Washington can be won over as *Star* devotees, it will hardly form a solid circulation base for the paper. It's reasonable to project the permanent socialite population at around 40,000, since that is the circulation of *Washington Dossier*, the city's society magazine. But what party coverage could do for the *Star* had little to do with Gart's plans; what mattered most was what it could do for Gart.

"In the first few years especially, it was mandatory that any major social event Murray attended be covered by the paper," said a *Star* editor. Gart would tool up to the party—he sometimes traveled in limousines—and the reporters and photographers would not be far behind. The deal he offered was obvious: invite me to your party, be assured of prominent (and favorable) publicity.

Along with the guarantee of sugary social coverage came Gart's implicit promise to protect

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his socialite companions from unpleasant news coverage. For instance, when a private study was released showing the wide variety of fees local doctors charged Medicare patients for the same operation—and giving specifics on many doctors—both the *Star* and the *Post* ran stories. The *Star's* story was, most readers would agree, the better story, showing a depth of understanding the *Post* story lacked. But it, in turn, lacked something the *Post* story had—names. The *Post* named names of doctors charging outrageous fees. The *Star* discussed the problem only in general terms, giving generalized examples. Gart had ordered all doctors' names stricken from the article.

Another case involved Mary Jane Wick, wife of Charles Z. Wick, who was co-chairman of the Presidential Inaugural Committee and is now in line to head the International Communication Agency. During the days preceding Reagan's inauguration, there were persistent stories of ticket foul-ups; people who had ordered, paid for, and been promised inaugural tickets were arriving in town only to be told nothing was available. None of the reports offered much of an explanation as to why the foul-ups were happening.

Star reporter Marc Kaufman had an explanation. He had reliable information that Mary Jane Wick herself was skimming off tickets, channeling them to prominent Republicans and big-shot friends. Mrs. Wick was not benefiting in any monetary sense, reports said, but she was taking care of wealthy patrons and enjoying the prestige of waving a handful of the most wanted slips of paper in town. Kaufman's information wasn't sketchy or dubious; word around the *Star* newsroom was that he "had the story cold."

Yet Gart sat on the story. When it finally appeared on March 5—five weeks after the inauguration—it ran on page three in a watered-down form that did not mention the accusations against Mrs. Wick until the fourth paragraph. Publication was linked to an "official" event—the committee's ordering of an outside investigation of itself. Meanwhile, on the day the story finally ran, the *Star's* lifestyle section featured an account of a wedding anniversary party for Ronald and Nancy Reagan. That story mentioned the Wicks as being present and described the event as "an intimate dinner among old friends."

(Mrs. Wick denied the charge that she skimmed tickets, and her husband called it "scurrilous." The outside investigator's report is not due until summer.)

Gart's eagerness to pander is not unique to him, however. Personal acceptability among the elite is a longstanding goal throughout the Time empire.

"The corporate structure of Time Inc. craves influence and access," said a former *Star* official. "They place great emphasis on social contacts." A present *Star* reporter observed, "Time's idea of an important journalistic breakthrough is to hold a luncheon and have the vice-president speak. The fact that nothing newsworthy goes on at the lunch—indeed readers don't even know it's occurred—is insignificant. What matters is that the Time people have rubbed shoulders."

Again Time Inc. officials may not discuss this point in interviews, but boast of it plainly in their advertising. A recent two-page ad that ran in the New York *Times* magazine (and other publications) displayed a huge, full-color photo of *Time* White House correspondent Laurence Barrett sitting alone with Reagan in an intimate setting. The ad copy proclaimed that "Barrett's exclusive interviews with Reagan sustained a *Time* tradition of access to world leaders." In the photo Barrett is doing the talking and Reagan is listening; it's a safe bet that Barrett is not delivering a forceful critique of administration policies.

To help satisfy its "access" fetish, Time Inc. has made what one informed observer called "a fixed corporate decision to give Reagan a long generous honeymoon." That generosity can be seen in both *Time* magazine and the *Star's* pages. Early in the budget battle, the *Star* ran a page-one story by one of its top national reporters proclaiming "Newly Docile Hill Not Inclined to Cut Reagan's Programs." The story likened Congress to "a shetland pony content, for now, to be led around by its new master with a minimal amount of pawing at the earth." Fawning about Reagan even dampened—temporarily—the *Star's* freewheeling columnist, Judy Bachrach. Bachrach generally has the green light to write about whatever she pleases. When she prepared two columns critical of First Lady Nancy Reagan, Gart asked her to sit on them for a while. Bachrach asked how long; Gart suggested a month. Bachrach waited exactly one month, then went with the columns.

At the *Star*, honeymoon arrangements were being made long before the groom was even chosen. The paper put off its endorsement of a presidential candidate until the last possible moment—the day before the election. Gart, it is said, was hoping for some definitive poll that would establish who would win, allowing the

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Star to jump on the right bandwagon. (Gart was no fan of the Carter administration, but he did not care to jeopardize his access by endorsing Reagan if there remained any chance of a Carter victory.) When the last possible moment rolled around and the outlook was still clouded, the *Star* endorsed no one. Instead it ran a mushy bowl of editorial oatmeal called "Summing It Up," which began, "The 1980 campaign, like others before it, has developed its own distinctive character and tone. And the salient issues have broken, as usual, in conflicting ways. Equally important, the candidates have revealed personal qualities that will inescapably affect our judgment about their prospective performance in the Oval Office." Makes you want to rush right out and exercise your franchise, doesn't it?

The Heads Nod

In the *Star* newsroom, Gart is not exactly Mr. Popularity. The fact that he is disliked is inconclusive, of course; many skilled editors are unpopular, because it is in the nature of their jobs to be demanding. What's revealing is the intensity of the reaction. "A certain amount of grousing about the boss is inevitable," said a former *Star* staff writer, "but with Gart it's different. He's *hated*—open, venomous hate. It's universal. There isn't a single person there with an honest good word for him."

Yet as far as I could determine (and you know I tried) there isn't anyone at the *Star* with a significant story of Gart being irrational, abusive, or insulting. By all reports he is a perfect gentleman—humorless and a player of favorites, but these are hardly fatal flaws. Why then is he hated with such intensity? It stems from the imperious style with which he runs the paper, and the widespread perception that he is driving its quality and reputation into the ground; that is, the complaints are substantive, as opposed to vindictive.

"Gart believes in the military chain of command," said a former *Star* official. "He sits in his office and issues orders. He never consults anyone, and he deals only with those directly below him in the pecking order. In turn his subordinates deal only with their subordinates. By the time a reporter receives instructions, they've been filtered through three or four levels of authority."

The impact of Gart's self-aggrandizing isolation is predictable: he is perceived by his staff as inaccessible, arbitrary, and untrustworthy. Few are convinced that he has the *Star's* best interests

The Washington Monthly Journalism Award

February, 1981
is presented jointly to
Barry Mitzman
The Weekly
Seattle, Washington
and
Fred Barnes
The Baltimore Sun

In "Your Tax Dollars Down the Drain," published in the *Weekly*'s February 25 issue, Mitzman explains that while Washington state cuts social services it continues to support bloated pay and pensions for state employees, useless construction, pointless business subsidies, and unnecessary state agencies and commissions.

In "The Story of 'Supply-Side,' a Revolution in Economic Thinking," published in the February 17 *Sun*, Barnes traces the history of how Jude Wanniski, Arthur Laffer, Jack Kemp and Paul Craig Roberts took an obscure idea called "supply-side economics" and in four years brought it to the center of the nation's economic debate.

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in mind; one insider called him a "cold, clammy hand strangling the paper."

The depth of distrust was demonstrated last fall, when Gart heard a plausible-sounding tip that then-Secretary of State Edmund Muskie might resign. He ordered national editor Harry Kelly to order a reporter to write a story to that effect—but also ordered that the reporter not make any attempt to verify the accuracy of the tip. It is said the *Star* newsroom was infuriated by the order, not just because it violated fundamental principles of fact-checking, but because reporters and editors alike automatically assumed Gart's motives to be suspect. The story eventually appeared, and was played as a key Sunday front-page item—but without byline or any indication of origin, odd for what should have been considered, if true, a major scoop.

The editor's highhandedness bears on newsroom morale (and the paper's prosperity) in other ways. For one, Gart has surrounded himself with wimpish types distinguished primarily by an advanced ability to nod their heads up and down on cue. Publisher George Hoyt, sources say, has little real sway over business decisions. Associate editor Sidney Epstein, perhaps the paper's top survivor, has coddled his way into the additional title of associate publisher, but still is said to have little of meaning to do. Associate editor Roger Wilkins, a veteran journalist, writes occasionally, but appears to have scant input into editorial policy. What ombudsman George Beveridge does is anybody's guess. (I asked and he even refused to comment on that.) National editor Kelly is regarded as a glorified functionary; one *Star* insider called him "Gart's water boy."

"The *Star* has become a one-man band, reflecting only the interests, talents, and limitations of a single man," said a former official. "His subeditors have lost their initiative. They just sit around and wait for instructions. No matter how talented one man is—and Gart has tremendous ability—if he is the sole source of ideas and initiatives, the paper is just not going to be very good."

Loss of initiative, many *Star* veterans believe, is crippling the paper. Editors seldom propose story ideas for fear of being shot down by the boss; reporters who want to do anything outside the realm of "official" coverage must come up with ideas themselves. Only two *Star* editors (besides Gart) are said to be regular sources of story ideas—metro editor Dennis Stern and sports editor David Smith. They can exercise initiative in large part because Gart doesn't care about their sections.

"Murray is interested in 'respectable' topics," said a *Star* editor, "presidential politics, the Middle East, the arts. He doesn't care about the city itself or about sports." It may be no coincidence that metro and sports are widely regarded as the best sections in the *Star*. The metro section often beats the *Post's* far larger staff to important stories, covers breaking local events (like the assassination attempt) at least as well as the larger paper, and continues to produce invigorating enterprise journalism—for instance, a recent series of articles by Jane Mayer detailing the problems of the city's ambulance services. Meanwhile sports is the *Star's* last preserve of lively, in-depth feature writing. It continues to run long, bouncy articles by top feature writers like Betty Cuniberti, and also offers a basketball writer named Steve Hershey who has a local cult following.

But in the sections Gart does care about—national and lifestyle—his control is absolute. "You can disagree with Murray in the privacy of his office," says a *Star* editor, "but never in public. At the daily [editorial] conferences there is almost no discussion." The consequence is exactly what you'd predict. "When Gart has good ideas, everything's fine. When he has bad ideas, no one will tell him so."

The Extras Accumulate

One good idea Gart had was to shift movie critic Tom Dowling into a bureaucracy-beat column called "Federal Cases." Movie reviewing was a good showcase for Dowling's excellent writing, but the new column provides him with fresh professional challenge and strengthens the *Star's* coverage of an underreported area. One bad idea Gart had was a front-page feature called "Today's Violent Local Crime." Instituted as a "response" to the shootings of John Lennon and prominent Washington doctor Michael Halberstam, the feature was a shaded box that simply described the day's most gruesome bit of violence. It had a perversely hopeful quality, as if the paper were saying, come on you thugs, let's get out there and produce. The feature was unveiled with little explanation, and many readers picking up the paper wondered if the *Star* was trying to turn itself into the New York *Post*, or its editors had simply flipped.

Yet no one could tell Gart to his face what an embarrassment his brainchild was. Then, luckily, the boss went on vacation. Deputy editor

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William McIlwain could stand no more. He killed the feature. What if anything Gart said on his return is not known.

Another area in which Gart often freezes out his subordinates is hiring. He has a preference for young reporters from families of social standing, and is willing to overlook modest journalistic credentials in order to get them. During Gart's tenure the *Star* has hired two daughters of governors, the children of high New York *Times* and *Time* magazine executives, the son of a nationally known judge, the daughter of a famous diplomat, a woman rumored to be the "great and good friend," as *Time* would put it; of a top Time Inc. executive, and Gart's own godson. Gart also promoted his personal assistant to a reporting post despite her lack of newspaper experience. From the standpoint of producing reporters, his hiring policies have shown mixed results. The "good friend" and the personal assistant were busts, but Celestine Bohlen, daughter of diplomat Chip Bohlen, is described by other journalists as a top performer. From the standpoint of morale, however, Gart's policies have been crushing. Editors have on occasion just been handed new reporters and told to use them. Sometimes, depending on the recruit's social prominence, editors have been told to give the new reporter priority over more accomplished personnel already on the staff.

There are only a few people at the *Star* Gart has been unable to master—yet. That group is composed mainly of the paper's syndicated big names—columnists Bachrach, Mary McGrory, "Ear" (Diana McLellan), Jack Germond and Jules Witcover, and cartoonist Pat Oliphant. They are vital to the paper's prestige and income. Of the group, Bachrach is clearly Gart's pet; one *Star* reporter described her as "the only happy person at the paper." Gart is proud of having won Bachrach away from the *Post*, and sees to it her column gets excellent play. But oddly, while most *Star* writers are suffocating under Gart's grip, Bachrach may be the victim of too much freedom. Because of her relationship with Gart she is seen as above criticism, leaving no one to warn her when she is about to embarrass herself (a recent column began, "Darkness spreads over Havana like molten asphalt . . ."). Anyone who reads Bachrach can see she has a gift, but without rigorous editing and a dose of humility, something even the best writers need, Bachrach may never realize her full potential.

In other areas of his work, Gart's behavior is perplexing. He has gone to considerable trouble to institute a new three-page op-ed section, an exciting and promising experiment. Rocking-chair columnists are taking a back seat to unknowns who often generate surprisingly good ideas. Using unknowns means accepting page after page of ragged copy that needs lots of work; Gart seems undaunted by this, and has expanded the op-ed staff. And so the paradox: on the news pages he fears enterprise and condemns top writers to grinding out a snorefest of fungible formula pieces, while on the op-ed pages he seeks excitement and devotes extra resources to assisting amateurs. He's doing exactly what his magazine training should tell him to avoid, meticulously separating fact from opinion until the facts have no meaning and the opinions are unsubstantiated.

The *Star*'s front page: a "snorefest of fungible formula articles" dictated by the desire for "official" news.

The jury is out on some other ideas of the new *Star* regime. One of them—different local inserts ("zone editions") for the suburbs—sounds terrific, but appears to have inflated printing and distribution costs and spread the reporting staff too thin without boosting circulation. Another idea, conversion of the afternoon-only paper to 24-hour continuous publication, seems to have done a great deal of harm. Time Inc. has added a morning edition, the "A.M. Extra," and a midday edition, the "Capital Special," both for sale on Washington newsstands. Not only do these low-sales editions increase printing and distribution costs, they totally skew the efforts of the reporting staff. In order to produce the A.M. Extra edition, reporters must meet a 1:30 a.m. deadline. Since few reporters who have just met a 1:30 a.m. deadline can reasonably be expected to stay up all night producing a fresh treatment for the afternoon edition, the A.M. Extra becomes, as one *Star* editor said, "the tail that wags the dog." Many afternoon (home-delivery) stories are rehashes of or even the same as A.M. Extra stories, making the *Star*, in many respects, just a morning paper that comes out eight hours late.

There are recurrent rumors that Time Inc.'s master plan for the *Star* entails junking afternoon editions and competing head-on with the

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Post as a home-delivery morning paper. If so, the A.M. Extra, which paves the way, will turn out to make sense. If not, it will be seen as a catastrophic misjudgment.

The Flowers Fly

Do not think, though, that Gart is running his paper entirely in a vacuum. He has a board of directors to respond to, and respond to them he does. Coverage of issues concerning Time Inc. is so rosy the *Star*'s pages might as well be embroidered with flowers.

In the summer of 1979, for instance, President Carter was preparing to nominate Thomas Watson, head of IBM, as ambassador to the Soviet Union. Watson's name was not well received by commentators, the *Star* among them. A *Star* editorial blasted Watson as "a businessman who does not speak Russian or have any special expertise in Soviet affairs or, for that matter, in any aspect of foreign relations beyond the commercial sphere." The editorial hinted darkly that "some [ambassadors] are expected to run embassies and negotiate with foreign governments; others sit behind the big desk under the Great Seal of the U.S. for different reasons."

Then a telephone call reminded someone that Watson sat on Time Inc.'s board. In a blinding flash *Star* editorialists recognized the genius of Carter's diplomatic master stroke. The paper suddenly declared that Watson's confirmation was "a reminder of how strong a case there is for *not* giving the post to a Foreign Service officer and for giving it to a knowing outsider. . . ." The *Star* followed up with a flurry of stories concerning Watson's progress towards Moscow, including one that ran unbylined because, it is said, Gart himself wrote it. The culmination was "Watson Presents His Credentials," detailing the ambassador's official introduction at the Kremlin, a meaningless ceremonial event.

Any *Star* stories that mention cable television must be read and approved by either Gart or McIlwain, since Time Inc. is the owner of Home Box Office and other cable carriers. Cable television is a hot topic locally because it has yet to be introduced in Washington—and one of Time Inc.'s subsidiaries is competing for the business. When Time Inc. introduced its science magazine, *Discover,* the *Star* afforded lavish coverage. There was a preview article followed by a lengthy feature article (headlined "Science Magazine That's Ready to be Discovered") and a report on the christening party (photo caption: "Timothy Leedy, advertising sales director for *Discover,* greets Nobel Prize winner James D. Watson"). When Andrew Heiskell, chairman of Time Inc.'s board, retired last fall, the *Star* sent someone to New York to cover the event (travel is rare for *Star* reporters). The result was an interesting and not excessive profile of Heiskell—alongside a sticky ball of schmoo about the farewell party. The party story began by quoting a waiter (apparently after he got the tip) as saying, "Here at the Plaza you see the world go by—all the important heads of state, the leaders of the world, all the giants. But there's no one like Andrew Heiskell."

Sometimes the bowing and scraping before Time Inc. gets so far out of hand it backfires, at least for Gart's purposes. When Hedley Donovan retired as editor-in-chief of *Time* magazine, the *Star* ran a profile so transparent it actually embarrassed corporate officials. While not quoting waiters, the article described Donovan as "an unflappable, laconic man with a physical appearance as imposing as a giant oak in a pine thicket . . . a strapping man with piercing blue eyes. . . ."

At other times deference to the corporate father affects *Star* employees directly. Dowling's longevity as a movie critic was not advanced when he panned "The Empire Strikes Back" in the same week *Time* had Darth Vader on its cover; he was shifted off movies immediately after. Even Gart's godson, David Wood, has felt the heat. In March Secretary of State Alexander Haig appointed Dean Fischer, a correspondent in *Time*'s Washington bureau, as his official spokesman. Naturally the *Star* reported the announcement prominently. It also noted that "Fischer was a principal reporter for *Time*'s recent cover story on Haig, which portrayed Haig, hands on hips in a belligerent pose, as 'taking command.' "

That was a refreshing bit of honesty on the *Star*'s part, but it wasn't exactly right. Fischer had not been a "reporter" on the story—he hadn't written any of it. Wood was judged to be the guilty party. There was a backroom explosion; the *Star* printed a retraction; and Wood (whose recent performance, *Star* reporters say, has been impressive) was demoted to a copy desk job. Of course Wood had been wrong on a fact, which made it hard to protest his punishment. But it turns out he wasn't that far off—the essence of his story was correct. Fischer had worked to sell the Haig cover story within *Time*'s hierarchy. When *Time* brass began to vacillate

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and talk of postponing the profile, informed sources say, Fischer weighed in in favor of running it pronto. Wood's real crime apparently was not bungling a fact, but daring to think of reporting a Time Inc. matter honestly at all.

Perhaps it is Gart's preoccupation with an imaginary Time Inc. board of directors looking over his shoulder that leads him into the dangerous game of spiking stories.

Last summer, for instance, reporter Kurtz and another *Star* staffer spent three months preparing a series of stories on housing discrimination in the Washington area. Gart sat on and eventually spiked the series, although it is said that nearly every editor on the paper urged him to use it, believing the series produced powerful evidence of racial and ethnic discrimination in housing. Associate editor Eileen Shanahan, the only *Star* official who would speak about this incident (and then only briefly) said, "I liked the series and I urged the editor [Gart] to run it."

Later, Gart consented to publication in non-series form of some of the information obtained during the investigation—consenting only after it had been bowdlerized to remove all but one reference to specific incidents or specific real estate firms. Kurtz sought and was granted permission to place the series elsewhere—on the condition that it not be identified as having originated with the *Star*. But when word got back that Kurtz had contacted the local city magazine, *Washingtonian*, to ask if it was interested, Gart did a two-and-a-half gainer from the inverted pike position over the news. He demanded the series be returned and essentially shelved forever.

The effect on newsroom morale was catastrophic. Reporters and editors—even company men—speculated that Gart's true motive was to protect real-estate advertisers. No one produced proof of this, however. Shanahan said, "I went to no small trouble to find out if that was true, and I found no evidence of any kind to support it." What's telling is that nearly everyone in the *Star* newsroom assumed the worst to be true.

Gart's real reason for the spiking probably was much less dramatic than knuckling under to advertisers. "Murray was bothered by the series because he's so uncomfortable with enterprise reporting," said a former *Star* writer. "To have run that story Gart would have had to go out front, to operate on his own authority. He isn't afraid of controversy, but he likes only official controversies, where there are press conferences to go to and everybody's in it together."

The *Star* spokesman said, "I guarantee no editor of this paper will speak to you on any subject." Even the ombudsman refused to comment. When asked to describe his job he said, "No comment."

The irony is this: after Gart spiked the series, housing discrimination turned into an official controversy. A bill to toughen up the Fair Housing Act came before the Senate, and outgoing liberals decided to make it their last stand. For five days in December 1980 the Senate filibustered over the bill, and housing discrimination was on the *Star's* front page every day. If Gart had run at least some version of the series he would have lapped the field on a major story. Instead, thinking he was safeguarding his paper's reputation, he lost a golden opportunity to enhance it.

In other cases, Gart spikes have been wholly blatant. For six years up through last spring, the *Star's* food section ran a consumer-affairs column by freelancer Goody Solomon. A coupon war began among Washington supermarkets, so food section editor Linda Hasert assigned Solomon to write a five-part series on the pros and cons of coupons.

Unbeknownst to Hasert, the *Star's* promotions department was cooking up an ad campaign called "Star Coupon Saving Days." The first installment of the series ran one morning during the "Coupon Saving Days" festivities. *Star* management hit the roof, and associate editor Epstein ordered the "first of a series" line pulled from the rest of the day's editions (although a box at the end of the article describing the next installment continued to run, mystifying readers). By the time Hasert arrived for work the series had been spiked. She was never consulted.

Gart was out of town the day Epstein made his move, but when he returned, he concurred in the decision—despite the fact that he is reported to have admitted he never so much as read the copy. I have, since all five stories appeared as written in the Milwaukee *Journal*. The series contained such rabidly hostile phrases as "Do the advantages of coupons—such as the sizable

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discounts to users and the added sales volume to manufacturers and retailers—overcome the drawbacks?" The series was balanced and objective; if anything it was tame, even by newspaper standards. Gart never knew. (One of the paper's editors is said to have asked him, "Aren't we bigger than this?" and he to have replied, "No paper in second place is bigger than this.")

To drive home his point Gart dropped Solomon's column, pulled her off a home-repair fraud series she was working on for the real estate section, and blackballed her from the paper altogether. Gart demoted Hasert (who had challenged his decision) to a copy desk job, and was not heartbroken when she left to join other *Star* exiles at the *Herald Examiner*.

Sometimes Gart's censorship is simply comical. He is known to be avidly anti-Nader, and to discover a "lack of space" when a Nader story is in the offing. He is also extremely protective of what's left of Henry Kissinger's dignity, being, like Henry the K, a former Nelson Rockefeller devotee.

Once, a story in a zone edition described Kissinger's appearance at a fund-raiser for a suburban congressional candidate.The story said Kissinger made a "hawkish-sounding" speech to the crowd. When Gart saw that reference, he ordered it struck. But there was a problem—the press run on the day's zone editions had already begun. For reasons involving the printing and distribution of zone editions, it is very difficult to change anything in them once the run begins. "Breaking into the zone editions requires a classic Perry White 'Stop the Presses!' maneuver," said a *Star* editor. Nevertheless, Gart insisted on holding up the whole day's printing and distribution to excise the two offending words.

Yes, We Have Bananas

In the end, the image of Gart that emerges is one of a banana-republic dictator. He must have smarts, or he wouldn't have gotten where he is. But he rules by fear and fiat, rather than by winning the genuine loyalty of his subjects. Most of his lieutenants are so obsessed with pleasing him (or avoiding his wrath) that they put the real work second. Meanwhile Gart the dictator judges those around him on how well they please, and somewhere in the process their original mutual goal, to save the paper, is nearly forgotten. Like the banana republic strongman, when Gart is deposed—as inevitably he will be—even those who now swear allegiance to him will mock him openly. The whole span of his reign will come to be seen as a bad dream, and people will wonder why it took so long to become obvious.

It's uncertain whether the paper can stay afloat until that awakening. The *Star* lost $18 million last year, and its circulation is still declining. The last official figure was 330,000, and it is reported by *Star* sources the next figure to be released will be 312,000. *Post* officials are known to have stopped worrying that the *Star* will cause them any business discomfort. Gart, it is said, believes that a dramatic reversal in circulation could be sparked if the *Star* were to win a Pulitzer Prize—but you don't win Pulitzers for covering press conferences.

While working on this article I approached my acquaintances who are not journalists and asked them, in the blandest way I could, what they thought of the *Star*. Their answers were so similar, it was as if they were reading off a teleprompter: "It's so boring . . . there's nothing in it . . . everything's already been in the *Post*." Most professed to buy the *Star* only for the comic strip Doonesbury, the column "Ear," and Oliphant's cartoons: "It's handy to read on the subway because you can go through the entire paper in a couple of stops."

Of course, they are spoiled. If they lived in Houston or Seattle and the *Star* were their paper, they would sing its praises. But they don't. They live in Washington, where everybody reads the *Post*. If they are ever to be drawn back to the *Star* in sufficient numbers, they must be convinced the *Star* gives them something the *Post* does not. It's hard to believe that something is bland ticker-tape news, especially when, to go after that audience, the *Star* must compete not only with the *Post* but television as well.

In the long run playing to the *Post*'s weaknesses, with an editorial format designed by marketing research instead of dedication to quality, is a losing strategy. It may delay the inevitable, but it can't change it. There was a time in Washington when the *Star* was the top paper and the *Post* was the challenger. The *Post* turned that situation around by emphasizing quality. If the *Star* is now handicapped by shifting demographics and industrial patterns, well, then, so be it; even Time Inc. can't alter demographics. The sole factor entirely within *Star* control is the quality, courage, and thoughtfulness of its journalism. The *Post* has proven that in Washington, quality and courage sell. It's hard to understand why a sophisticated company like Time Inc. and a sophisticated editor like Murray Gart aren't getting that message.■

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Leak of the Week Award Winner

The House Armed Services Committee's "Report on Leaks of Classified National Defense Information" was itself leaked.

According to *Armed Forces Journal*, someone leaked the document to ABC News. ABC went on the air with a story revealing the contents of the report 21 hours before it was even signed by the committee's chairman....

"What Did You Expect?" the Prince of Peace Asked

There is an entire book analyzing who and what *Time* magazine puts on its cover. Called *Who's on Time?*, it is by Donald Lehnus, a teacher at the University of Puerto Rico. In the preface *Time* publisher John A. Meyers observes, "The unchallenged winner in the cover sweepstakes: Richard Nixon, who appeared 53 times in a 23-year span." Meyers also notes, "Henry Kissinger was on 15 covers; Jesus Christ was right behind him with 14."

These Guys Really Know Their Business

Recently our office received a "confidential" letter from United Intelligence Inc., a private investigations firm. The letter explained that United specializes in tracking "white-collar crime, overseas bribery, computer abuse, atomic plant security, terrorism, and foreign-country intelligence." It asked that we interview United officials when spy-business stories come up because they are "well known as experts in their field."

United's "confidential" letter was addressed to "editor in chief," instead of naming anyone, and was sent to the wrong address.

Underworked and Paid Over and Over and Over

Suppose you retire from the military (you can after only 20 years of service) and get a job with the U.S. Postal Service. You will receive a pension from the military and a salary from the Postal Service. You will get two cost-of-living increases per year in your pension; you will get two cost-of-living increases per year in your salary. You may also get "in-grade" or "step" increases in your salary. All of this happens regardless of whether the president "gives federal workers a raise."

tidbits & outrages

Fiscal Responsibility: Part One

Wisconsin Rep. Les Aspin points out that the Pentagon, which is demanding enormous budget increases, already has more than $92 billion unspent. "In the four years from October 1976 to October 1980," Aspin says, "The Pentagon's unspent balances rose 80 percent while the unspent balances of the rest of the government rose only 39 percent."

Fiscal Responsibility: Part Two

One part of the government that's spent its balances (and then some) is the District of Columbia, which now projects a $60 million deficit for fiscal year 1981. Diane Brackett of the Washington *Star* explains:

"The District, in its current $60 million crisis, is a lot like a young bachelor who knows he doesn't have enough money to pay all of his expenses this month. But he goes ahead and buys a new spring suit, tries that new Greek restaurant, and takes in the latest movie anyway.

"The District government—including the City Council and Mayor Marion Barry—started fiscal 1981 knowing there wasn't enough money in the bank to finance all that the city budget planned. City officials have admitted many of the overspending figures individually were not a surprise, and, in fact, had been predicted from the beginning of the year.

"For instance the Medicaid program—the largest single item of the deficit—was budgeted for the same $126 million that had been spent on it last year, allowing nothing for this year's anticipated 14 percent inflation.

"Yet despite knowing 'we had big holes that we didn't have enough money to fill,' said another city official, Barry lifted last year's hiring freeze and other spending restrictions on October 1, the first day of the fiscal year. Departments were told they could hire up to the limits of their budgets.

"'Our red ink is in the uncontrollable areas like Medicaid, pensions, and corrections, yet Barry took the controls off the areas we can control,' said a city finance employee...."

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ART BY JULIA HEARD

T-bone bites a bigger apple

by Alex Heard

Remember those old movies with couples like Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland or Jimmy Stewart and Donna Reed, dreaming of getting out of their two-bit towns and making it in New York City? They don't make movies like that anymore, and maybe there's a good reason.

Not long ago I was talking to Michael Nelson, a friend who teaches at my alma mater, Vanderbilt. He said that for most of the students he knows, New York is no longer the place to go. It seems that old movie scene would now be played this way:

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The couple walks arm-in-arm back from the library to their dorms. She says, "T-Bone, what are you gonna do *after you graduate?" He pauses, then points to the stars in the north.*

"I'm going north, Trish. There's nothing for me back home."

"North . . . that would be neat!"

From nowhere the opening notes of a stage orchestra. "I want to . . . wake up . . . in a city that never stops legislating."

"D.C.!"

"That's right. It's gonna be tough, but I've got everything I need: a focused resume, the GPA, five gray suits, and the desire to better all of America by snagging an excellent job on Capitol Hill and living in Georgetown."

"Yes, this we believe . . ."

He grabs her. "And I want you to come with me! I want you to clean house for me and prepare delicious quiches for our friends!"

She balks. "But what if—what if we don't make it?"

"I'll do anything to provide for you! I'll even work as a paralegal."

"I could work in a trade association!"

"We're going, Trish! We're going! And by the stars above I vow that I'm going to be the best damned deputy special assistant that town has ever seen!"

"I . . . know you will." As the orchestra thunders in the background, they embrace.

For me it didn't happen quite that way. But when I left Vanderbilt, I came to Washington, too, and so did many of my friends. The Vanderbilt career office says that more students than ever are now trying to get jobs or even internships in the capital. Is Vanderbilt's experience typical? It is if Harvard is any indication. Harvard Law School's placement office says that since the 1960s there has been a steady trend on the part of graduates away from jobs in New York and toward jobs in Washington. This year, for the first time ever, more Harvard Law School graduates are interviewing in Washington than New York. When you consider that Washington is only a fifth to a tenth the size of New York (depending on whether you compare the metropolitan areas or the city limits), this is a truly stunning statistic.

Bright-eyed students coming in waves to Washington is not an entirely new phenomenon. From the early 1930s till the end of World War II the real Jimmy Stewarts of the world came here (remember how he portrayed them all at once in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington"?). They were attracted by the excitement of FDR's leadership, and the one-two challenges of reversing the Depression, then winning the war. But after the war was won the immediate challenges faded, and a very unglamorous president, Harry Truman, took the helm. The real Jimmy Stewarts switched their sights to New York (he personified them all again in "It's a Wonderful Life!"). New York became the only place to go, and remained so throughout the 1950s. Careers in government were deemed dull. New York careers—advertising, publishing, Wall Street, the arts—were what lit the fires of imagination.

New York's appeal during that era was captured by Truman Capote in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. Its bemused narrator, fresh from the sticks, gets his first apartment in a brownstone on the Upper East Side. He writes reverentially of that first apartment: "My spirits heightened whenever I felt in my pocket the key to this apartment; with all its gloom, it was a place of my own." When not trying to establish himself as a short-story writer and working at uninteresting jobs to make ends meet, he participates vicariously in the crazy life of Holly Golightly. All the elements are in this single story: glamour, excitement, ambition, a cheap apartment . . .

The importance of that last item cannot be overemphasized. Half the fun of being young in a city is living in a sleazy apartment, which, just as Capote described, becomes almost sublime because of its very undesirability. When you went to New York in the 1950s, it was essential to find a relatively safe and cheap apartment. That became the central item in a whole kind of cheap lifestyle that used to exist there. Then you'd eat cheaply, work, and spend the rest of your time doing young-guy-in-New York things: wandering aimlessly, discovering bars, restaurants, and museums, observing and meeting a great variety of people, and chasing ballet students.

You can still do that. Your first step, then as now, will be to find an apartment. They're scarce in Manhattan, and when you do find one, you may wish you hadn't. The *Wall Street Journal* recently described the long apartment search of a young advertising man: the very best thing he could find was $468 a month, and before moving in, he had to plunk down an extra $1,500—cash—for advance rent, a broker's fee, and a security deposit.

The cheap restaurants have disappeared along with the cheap apartments, both victims of high real-estate taxes levied in the 1960s and 1970s to

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support the city's gigantic bureaucracy and generous social programs. The escalating rents and real-estate taxes drove out the city's diversity, since the shops and joints that make cities interesting places to be are always the ones with the lowest profitability per square foot. "No matter where you live in New York," E. B. White once wrote, "you will find within a block or two a grocery store, a barber shop, a newsstand, a shoeshine rack"—in other words, an entire neighborhood. In place of those things that give people delight have come lifeless structures with high square-foot profitability—office buildings, snazzy apartment towers, and worst of all banks. As Jane Jacobs observed in *The Death and Life of Great American Cities,* "Look where the banks are and you'll see a major center of diversity has been supplanted."

As diversity declined, so did employment—New York's private sector lost 600,000 jobs between 1969 and 1976. At the same time crime went up. The subways became scary—when they weren't broken down, that is. Another vital element of the old cheap New York lifestyle was the cheap subway that would reliably take you where you wanted to go; now that was gone, too.

The changes are obvious to a visitor. White had written that New York "carries on its lapel the unexpungeable odor of the long past, so that no matter where you sit in New York you feel the vibrations of great times and tall deeds, of queer people and events and undertakings." The vibration he speaks of is not merely metaphorical, as I learned the first time I visited. On a train rolling in from the north, my tension increased as we passed the ghostly tenements and deserted factories; I felt I was cheating the world by not taking notes. When I emerged from Grand Central Station I found, yes, it was true. There was a vibration. I could construct amateur physical theories about twin skyscrapers humming like tuning forks with the waves given off by thousands of vehicles and millions of pedestrians, but the reason doesn't matter. The hum was there and I felt it; I could understand why others had come seeking it.

I could equally understand why they came no more. The city was not White's literary ideal. White himself had remarked on this, saying he'd seen New York go from a rich and exotic city to an ominous one. The place, to me, was not just ominous but terrifying. Like countless hayseeds before me, I felt intimidated by the buildings and the pace. I expected that. What I hadn't expected was the underlying fear and discomfort that never went away. I didn't like the way people moved or talked; the feeling of humidified grime settling on my skin; the way cab drivers tried to nail pedestrians. I was in fear of the subways not only at night but during the day. It didn't take long to decide I didn't want to live there.

Subway to Heaven

Washington, on the other hand, has a brand-new high-tech subway that's shiny and clean and almost free of crime. While the city itself has considerable crime, most of it is confined to neighborhoods that the newly arrived college graduates can and do avoid. And all through the 1960s and most of the 1970s, until very recently, there were lots of cheap and pleasant apartments available. With them went an adequate supply of cheap restaurants, ranging from the legendary Astor to Sholl's Cafeteria. And during the 1960s in Georgetown and on Capitol Hill, scores of drinking places emerged where recent graduates could continue university life.

Washington is clean, not by Swiss standards, of course, but light years better than New York. It is also full of parks, quite a few of which are safe; trees; and azaleas that, along with the more famous but less common cherry blossoms, make the capital a place that New York could never equal in the spring. And, if like me you are young and male, there are women who look just like the ones you knew in college. Lots of them. The exact ratio is the subject of much argument, but whatever it is, it clearly favors the male. Between this life and hiding out in some foul tenement with Ratso Rizzo, the choice seems fairly clear.

But all these factors explain only why Washington is more pleasant than New York. They do not explain why for so many people Washington has come to seem more exciting. That explanation has to begin in the early 1960s, when working for the government became exciting again. People who might have chosen the arts or Wall Street in the 1950s came to join the New Frontier and John Kennedy, its glamorous leader. Then came the causes represented by the civil rights movement and the war against poverty. Both attracted thousands of talented people to the city where the main legislative battles were being fought and where the new agencies were being established to carry out the new laws.

Next came the war against the war. Many of the leaders of the peace movement came here to carry their appeals directly to Congress and the executive branch. About that time, the environmental and consumer-protection movements

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The shift to Washington has given a boost to an art form: resume-building. Here's a sample:

RESUME

Rudolph Hollis Dubblefield ("T-Bone")
Box 1673-B
Vanderbilt University
Nashville, TN 37235

Phone: (322-8223 . . . room)
(322-2975 . . . Sgovt. office)
(322-9311 . . . Phi Delta Theta)
(322-2424 . . . Ans. service)

Personal:

Health: Excellent
Age: Excellent
Height and Weight: Excellent

Skills: The most excellent
Education: Totally excellent

Employment objective: To be, to do, to grow . . . in learning-oriented position in press or public-relations work with desire to draw upon background in all forms of formal and inter/intrapersonal communication . . . to impress my friends back home . . . to synthesize communico-infrapersonal skills in most maximizing manner . . . to effectively bridge the gap between the governmental role and the press function . . .

Relevant work background: Worked as a Lawnscape Conditioning Specialist for six years prior to entering college . . . duties included operation of multiwheeled rotary-blade unit, including Graemineae eradication near and around bases of root-to-branch transfer units of deciduous and non-deciduous/-coniferous trees . . . also removed tracings from non-organic slab bordering lawn area . . .

Part-time order-entry processor, order fulfillment, and post-order accounts receivable liaison at "Hav-U-8," a national food processor specializing in dispersal to university and non-university population . . .

Pledge Instruction Coordinator, Phi Delta Theta fraternity . . . duties included pledgal education in the following modes . . . proper coordination of sorotorial personnel for maximal achievement of desired goals; proper methodology of goal execution for avoidance of paternal ramifications; proper methodology for consumption and discharge of alcoholic beverages . . . also responsible for pledgal processing procedures: duties included head-hair removal, raw egg procurement and preparation, and branding-iron maintenance . . .

University/Student Committee Service: (See attached sheets; also, Awards, Honors)

Personal statement: I'm interested in Washington not just for what it can do for me, but what I can do for it.

—*A.H.*

began to explode with activity; new laws were enacted and new agencies created. Ralph Nader, the consumer movement's leader, drew bright and dedicated young people from all over the country. Then Woodward and Bernstein arrived, bringing the movies back to Washington, and bringing journalism, especially Washington journalism, into the forefront of what young writers aspired to do. People ask where this generation's great novelists have gone. The answer is, into the newsroom. The cycle now seems complete; New York-type jobs, which were the highest aspiration for the talented young of the 1950s, have been replaced by Washington-type jobs in the daydreams of college students everywhere.

The most recent manifestation of this change brings the Right to Washington. If the 1960s and 1970s were dominated by movements from the Left, now David Stockman is the young man of the hour and young conservatives are flocking to town just as the liberals did a few years ago.

Stockman is important in another way—as an example of how a young man can rise very fast in Washington, particularly if, as Stockman did, he starts out on the Hill where there are no tiresome civil service rules to prevent rapid recognition of ability. If you are young, scrambling well below the Stockman level, it is exhilarating to walk through the Senate or House office buildings, where you see a small army of people who look just like you, apparently doing important things.

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Washington is cleaner than New York . . . safer . . . full of parks . . . between this life and hiding out in some foul tenement with Ratso Rizzo, the choice seems fairly clear.

Here one is whispering into a senator's ear; there one is striding down the hall, gazing sternly, shuffling important-looking papers.

The kinds of jobs to be had in Washington will impress the people back home, the same way jobs in far-off New York impressed the folks years ago. Washington job titles lend themselves to creative party conversation, and can provide an ego boost very quickly.

Washington also offers something New York never did: security. "Washington is much kinder to its failures than New York," says Taylor Branch, author of *The Empire Blues*. "New York has an 'honest' economy. Washington does not." If you go to New York to be in a play and it fails, it fails; you either get a job waiting tables or you give up and go home. If you come to Washington to work in a movement that fails (or succeeds, which from a career standpoint is the same thing), you can transfer your skills to numerous similar jobs. If you're a journalist and wash out with the local papers and magazines, you can write for one of the hundreds of newsletters. If you're a legislative assistant on the Hill and your congressman loses, you can join one of the lobbying groups.

Such jobs are available in large numbers because Washington has become almost as important to industry as it is to government. Most major companies have offices here; most of the national trade associations are now headquartered here. Legislation spawned by the environmental and consumer movements has meant a tremendous increase in jobs for lawyers and lobbyists in Washington, either to insure or thwart enforcement.

The Washington of today offers a kind of immediate gratification the New York of the 1950s never could: money. In the New York of that era, beginning salaries in the glamorous jobs in advertising, publishing, and the theater were very low. Twenty-five hundred a year was a good starting salary. In Washington today $25,000 is much closer to what the talented young are being paid. By their early thirties, they can expect to be making $40,000 to $50,000.

These incomes mean Washington landlords and restaurants can raise their prices not to reflect costs, but what their customers can afford to pay. So the cheap apartments have already disappeared, and it won't be long before the Astor restaurant redecorates and triples its prices.

New York had a great lifestyle, and lost it: spending months sweating over an off-Broadway show that paid peanuts, and really getting to know your fellow artists; writing a novel without an advance because you could live cheap off your wits; walking in the park; browsing in the shops and bookstores. Now Washington's great lifestyle, even at its peak of drawing power, is in jeopardy: working long hours for Nader; doing antiestablishment journalism for peanuts, really getting to know your fellow crusaders; hanging out in Georgetown bars. The new wave coming to Washington is finding itself trapped in a lifestyle that requires $20,000 to $50,000 a year. Is the same transition that ruined New York brewing here? If it is, where will we go next to find that mixture of creativity and diversity and excitement that makes cities worthwhile? ■

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—**Senator Pete V. Domenici**

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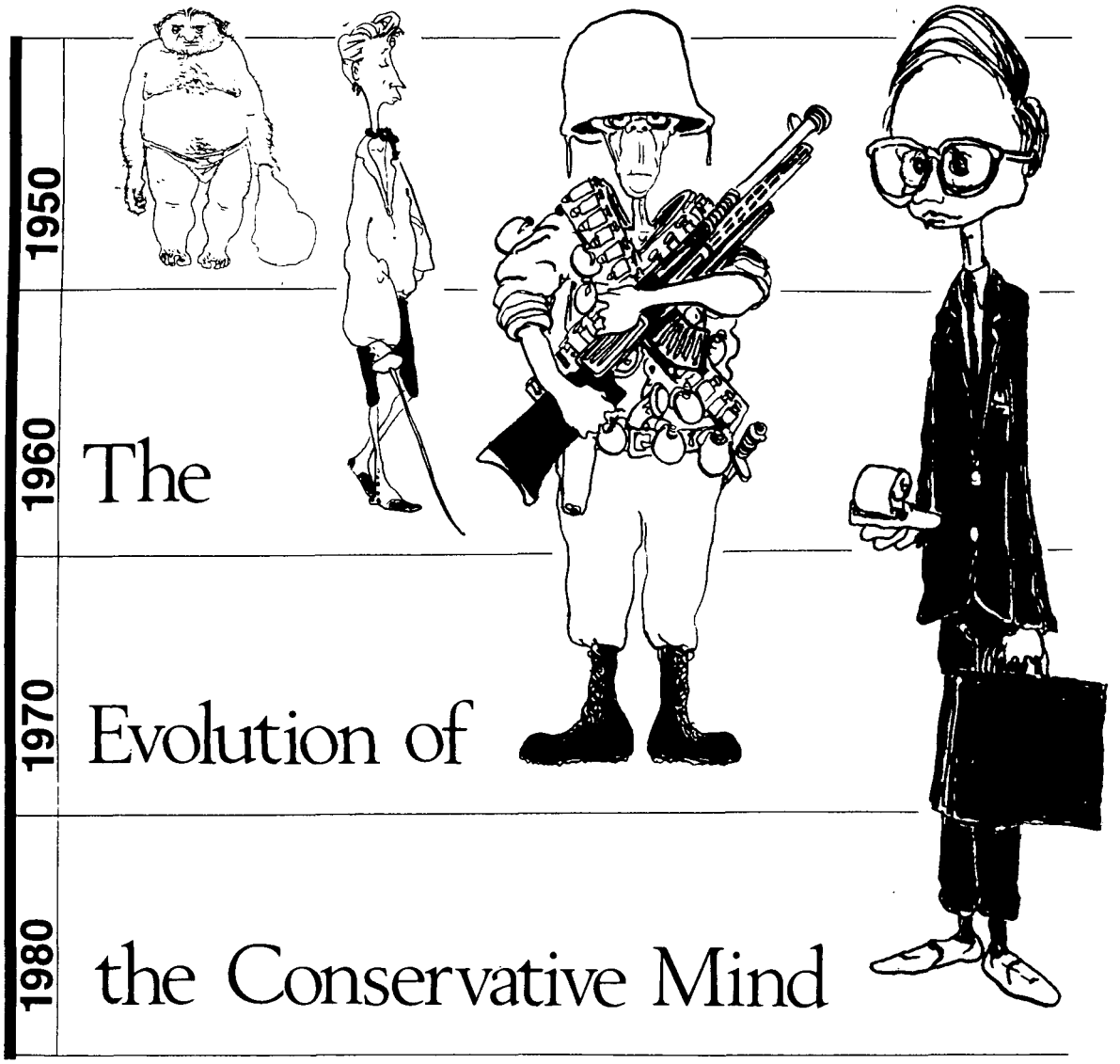

The Evolution of the Conservative Mind

by Nicholas Lemann

"The crucial rules of economic innovation and progress," says George Gilder in *Wealth and Poverty*, "...are also the rules of capitalism. The reason capitalism succeeds is that its rules accord with the laws of the mind." That about sums it up, doesn't it? God is in His heaven, Ronald Reagan is in the White House, and Gilder's ringing paean to capitalism in general and to the accumulation of wealth by entrepreneurs in particular is selling like hotcakes.

Wealth and Poverty seems, then, like the fitting culmination of the long rags-to-riches story of American conservative thought. But in fact it isn't. What it really represents is a complete, topsy-turvy change in the conservative argument from a generation ago. To see the magnitude of the change requires only a look at another conservative book of the year. The year is 1953, and the book is Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind*.

It's necessary to set the stage a little. Just three years earlier, in 1950, Lionel Trilling, perhaps the premier American intellectual, has declared unequivocally, "In the United States at this time liberalism is not only the dominant but even the sole intellectual tradition. For it is the plain fact that there are no conservative or reactionary ideas in general circulation." It would be difficult to dispute Trilling on that point. The intellectual community has been occupied for 20 years with

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the debate between welfare-state liberalism and communism, and as the ranks of defenders of the Soviet Union have thinned to just the hopelessly naive and the hopelessly cynical, liberalism has won.

The leading conservative politician of the preceding 15 years, Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio, is dying. One of the most important conservative causes of the Taft era, isolationism, has died already in respectable circles with the spread of communism in Europe and the celebrated conversion of Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan to internationalism. The conservative mantle is being passed to Republican anti-communists ranging in attractiveness from Richard Nixon to Joseph McCarthy; all the really appealing anti-communists are liberals. There is no important American conservative thinker, no major forum of conservative political thought. Even *National Review* is only a glimmer in William F. Buckley's eye.

Russell Kirk, in short, had his work cut out for him. Because he saw his main mission as making conservatism intellectually respectable, he spent most of *The Conservative Mind* picking up Trilling's gauntlet and elaborately constructing an Anglo-American conservative tradition running from Edmund Burke through Alexander Hamilton, John Adams, John Marshall, Calhoun, Hawthorne, Henry Adams, and Santayana, among others. This was the kind of work historians call constructing a usable past, and while all well and good, it didn't in itself constitute a compelling case for conservatism then and there, in 1953.

What Kirk had in mind when he said conservatism was "tradition and old establishments"—a world of civility, order, humility, religion, respect for property ("especially property in land"), and most of all an ironclad class system. The glory days of the English squirearchy brought tears to his eyes. In his heart, Kirk was an anticapitalist because capitalism creates rapid change, vulgarity, and what he called "the problem of the proletariat." At one point he chastised Hamilton for having had a bit too much of the commercial spirit, in that "he ignored the probability that the industrialized nation he projected might conjure up not only conservative industrialists, but also radical factory-hands—the latter being infinitely more numerous." Might you conclude from this that if capitalism made Kirk tremble, democracy made him quake? You might indeed. "That the sudden triumph of democracy should coincide with the rise of industrialism was in part the product of intertwined causes," he wrote, "but, however inescapable, it was a conjunction generally catastrophic."

It's easy to see how this might sell at the Piping Rock Club, but what conceivable appeal could it have to intellectuals, especially upwardly mobile Jewish intellectuals like Trilling? (While it would be the cheapest of shots to call *The Conservative Mind* an anti-Semitic book, it does, no getting around it, make a Jewish reader like me squirm a little because it uses so much of the vocabulary anti-Semites use—words like "cheapness," "vulgarity," "money-changers," and "materialism.") Where was the opening wedge to the constituency at which Kirk was aiming?

The wedge was High Culture, which is a tricky term. Mostly it means lasting art and thought, the true province of intellectuals. But in part it means the classy accoutrements of lasting art and thought, no less appealing to intellectuals—the use of British locutions in one's writing style, the snobbish guardians-of-the-gates talk about "Philistinism," the whole donnish deal. On both scores—the truly artistic and the merely snobbish—Kirk was able to speak frankly and persuasively about a subject that secretly haunted the Trillings of the world.

It haunted them not least because it was an issue that brought forth all the secret fissures in the seemingly unified intellectual front of the early fifties. For most of the first half of this century, American intellectuals had rejected American mainstream culture, often in favor of that of a foreign country. Curiously, this allowed them, in the thirties, to champion the American people; especially during the Depression, the masses seemed to be in the same spot as the intellectuals, namely ignored and oppressed. Carl Sandburg's 1936 poem "The People, Yes" may not have been high art, but its general thrust would have caused no complaints in the intellectual climate of the time. On the other hand, had the proposition been "The Bourgeoisie, Yes," most intellectuals would have dissented strongly.

Then, in the early forties, with the war approaching, some prominent intellectuals began *defending* American mainstream culture, and thus attacking the dominant intellectual attitude toward it. Van Wyck Brooks, in a speech in 1940, complained, "It seems as if our writers passively wallowed in misery, calling it fate; as if the most powerful writers, from James Joyce to Hemingway, from Eliot of *The Waste Land* to Eugene O'Neill and Theodore Dreiser,

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What Kirk had in mind when he said conservatism was "tradition and old establishments"—the glory days of the English squirearchy brought tears to his eyes. In his heart, Kirk was an anti-capitalist because capitalism creates rapid change and vulgarity.

were bent on proving that life is a dark little pocket." Archibald MacLeish, Stephen Vincent Benet, Thornton Wilder, and others soon joined the chorus. Their position was to celebrate the people *and* the nation, and to hope for culture to fall in line.

What was wrong with that attitude is clear from the quote from Brooks: it led to silly carping at the greatest of literary artists for their "negativism"; it led to a dilution of standards. The purist intellectuals (many of them especially wary of artistic compromises because they made some themselves as communists in the pre-Moscow-trial thirties) grumbled about the Brookses and the MacLeishes during the forties, and in the fifties they were ready to declare all-out war. In 1953, the year *The Conservative Mind* was published, *Partisan Review* published a symposium called "America and the Intellectuals," the introduction to which noted disapprovingly that most writers now "want very much to be a part of American life," warned that this would only lend momentum to "the enormous and ever-increasing growth of mass culture," and even quoted Jose (*Revolt of the Masses*) Ortega y Gasset admiringly.

So the intellectuals who regarded mass culture as beyond the pale and High Culture as absolutely sacred were naturally tempted by conservatism, an ideology then based on a fear of the masses. Trilling worried earnestly about liberalism, not for its political effects, but because it did not seem directly to produce High Culture in America: "If we now turn and consider the contemporary literature of America," he wrote, "we see that wherever we can describe it as patently liberal and democratic, we must say that it is not of lasting interest. . . . This question is the most important, the most fully challenging question in culture that at this moment we can ask." Trilling vastly admired resolutely high-minded intellectuals like Allen Tate and John Crowe Ransom, who came out of the conservative Southern agrarian tradition, and when Tate and Ransom introduced him to Robert Taft once at Kenyon College, he reported back to his students at Columbia that he had been quite impressed.

Dwight Macdonald, once a Trotskyite, just about jumped off the liberal ship in the fifties out of horror over mass culture. "The conservative proposal to save culture by restoring the old class lines," he wrote, in a relatively unguarded moment, "has a more solid historical basis than the liberal-cum-Marxian hope for a new democratic, classless culture." Macdonald was a critic of truly impressive acuity, but he couldn't see that there was anything to, say, rock and roll—how could something popular also be good? In the awe-inspiringly cultivated pages of *Partisan Review*, any writer who sold was viewed with automatic suspicion; even Norman Mailer became truly respectable only when he followed the best-selling *The Naked and the Dead* with the less accessible *The Deer Park*. Had a Dickens or a Twain been in flower at the time, the intellectual standard-keepers would have been the last to come around, so much would those novelists' popularity with the masses have thrown them off.

Old Champ vs. Hungry Kid

Russell Kirk played precisely to this chink in the liberal intellectuals' armor. Under a liberal regime, he predicted, "America's contribution to the civilization of the future . . . shall be just this: cheapness, the cheapest music, and the cheapest comic-books and the cheapest morality that can be provided." And a little later on: "The American divorce rate, the prevalence of waste, the giddy veering of public fancy, the new Pontiac beside the decrepit shack, the girls on the quarter reprints . . . Such commodities are standardized, mass-produced, and tossed into the vacuum left by the depletion of principle in Europe." Whereas the implication was that under conservatism the really cultivated minds will hold the levers of culture and thus be able to keep it High. It was an old argument—the moneyed and the cultured have existed in symbiosis for centuries, conferring various benefits and justifications on one another—but in the early fifties it had an immediate appeal. No more Elvis! No more Pontiacs! It is a vision quite similar, in its way, to the vision with which the Soviet Union seduced so many American intellectuals in the thirties: a society in which thinkers will, if not run the show, at least hold a

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position of respect that they lack in commercial America.

At some point in the mid-1960s, on a day unconsecrated in history, American intellectuals by and large stopped worrying about guarding the gates of High Culture above all else, and started worrying more and more about politics. It was a change absolutely crucial to the history of American intellectuals ever since; it affected liberals and conservatives alike; and it laid the groundwork for George Gilder.

What happened? Because of Vietnam, the civil rights movement, and the emergence of the counterculture, the consensus period in American life began to end. In the fifties, no mainstream political writer had portrayed the country as having serious domestic problems of a sweeping nature; historians had favored a view of America as a land devoid of irreconcilable hatreds between classes, races, regions, or economic interests; and of course literary men like MacLeish and Brooks had been cheering the whole enterprise on. All of that created an impression that intellectuals were part of the team, and that their culture was part of the national culture. Naturally this drove the High Culture intellectuals crazy.

When the consensus dissolved, it allowed intellectuals to assume a posture relative to the rest of society quite similar to their posture in the 1920s. They could be an avant-garde, apart from the mainstream. They mostly stopped worrying about mass culture—that was part of the society from which they were absenting themselves. Even for those who didn't want to absent themselves, like Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., there conveniently arose at about the same time the opportunity actually to work at the highest levels of government, which necessarily required an end to public complaining about the masses. Either way, intellectuals could now worry about politics instead of culture. In the early fifties the intellectuals loved Adlai Stevenson above all presidential candidates because he was an egghead. By the late sixties they deserted Eugene McCarthy (who was antiwar but also a poet) for Bobby Kennedy (who for years had actually made fun of Stevenson for being an egghead) because Bobby was a man of the Movement.

The most important consequence of the shift of focus from culture to politics was that democratic ideas immediately moved to the main stage of intellectual debate. For a political position to be valid, it had to be taken up on behalf of the once-hated masses, and in opposition to an elite that was opposing them. Like culture before it, democracy had for intellectuals both a genuine appeal and a snobbish one. The genuine appeal of democracy doesn't need explanation. The snobbish appeal was the immense holier-than-thou satisfaction inherent in being able to pose as the little guy's champion.

In the sixties, when American intellectuals were overwhelmingly of the Left, they cast their ideas in terms of the true defense of democracy: the war machine was oppressing the Vietnamese; the corporations were oppressing the consumer; the greedy were oppressing the needy. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, these intellectuals were more affluent, respected, and influential than ever before. They loved the people, and the nation loved them (even if they didn't love it), and who could ask for a better deal?

Then, as the Left ideas of the intellectuals began to spread ever more widely, they led scruffy students to hold sit-ins in the intellectuals' offices, and government officials to invent affirmative action policies that let them dictate the intellectuals' hiring policies from afar. Clearly, it was time to rethink. In an earlier age, the intellectuals' response might have been to scurry back to the citadel of High Culture; but in the early seventies, democratic ideas continued to control the argument. So the intellectuals' Main Event became a political, not a cultural, one: Left politics (the fading old champ) versus Right politics (the hungry kid who's not above fighting rough), with the Right arguing as the Left did, on behalf of the little guy and against the elite.

It's a sign of how completely the new set of passions and snobberies has replaced the old that Barbara Tuchman could write an article in 1980 about the "decline of quality"—a subject that was the hardy perennial of intellectual discourse in the fifties—and have *The New York*

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Gilder's own major regrets in life were not having had a father and not having been kicked off the Rockefeller tit at an earlier age; so he concluded that people in the ghetto needed to have their fathers not leave, and to be kicked off the government tit.

Times Magazine put it on the cover, as if it were a major new revelation. Conversely, when *Commentary* in 1976 mounted a symposium of intellectuals similar in spirit to *Partisan Review*'s in 1953, the subject was "What is a Liberal?" and the content almost entirely a discussion of politics.

Tea and Empathy

George Gilder works squarely in the new democratic-intellectual mode, and uses it to move capitalism from the lowly status it had in the old Russell Kirk days to the very center of the conservative argument. He is careful in doing so to distinguish carefully between true capitalism and most current American business activity. "Even when governments give . . . modest help to independent business," he says, "they often act in ways that favor established firms against potential rivals. Tariffs, import quotas, accelerated depreciation, and other tax and trade policies all are most useful to settled firms with long established product lines to protect, equipment to depreciate, and profits to offset." This is not the point of view put forth by Irving S. Shapiro (recently retired chairman of Du Pont) and the other knights of the Business Roundtable, who are interested in capitalism only up to a point. Gilder rightly makes the case for capitalism the case for the entrepreneur, from whom most innovations, and hence most of the growth and prosperity that make capitalism attractive, flow.

On the other hand, what's most frustrating about *Wealth and Poverty* is Gilder's insistence that the risks of capitalism be forced not only on the Du Ponts of the world, but also on poor people. To understand this, a little psychohistory is in order. Gilder's father, a dashing Eastern Establishment warrior-intellectual, died when George was only three. His father's best friend was David Rockefeller, who for years looked after George. So Gilder grew up, first, keenly feeling the loss of his father, and second, living a life of economic schizophrenia, divided as it was between his mother's shabby-genteel farm in western Massachusetts and various splendid Rockefeller watering holes.

For years Gilder's way in life was paved by Rockefeller in a fashion that seems to have made him secretly miserable. He was sent to the rightest of schools—Exeter, Harvard—where he did badly. He was provided with a series of respectable sinecures—studying with Henry Kissinger, a fellowship at the Council on Foreign Relations, several jobs in Nelson Rockefeller political campaigns—that led him to spend years essentially goofing off. In the 1970s, as he was finally beginning to find himself as a writer, he began hanging around in the welfare culture of Albany, New York, and had a shock of recognition.

Here were hundreds of young men who grew up in what people in Washington call "female-headed families" and spent their lives drifting around vaguely under the auspices of one government program or another, and Gilder thought, as he has told every available interviewer, *These guys are just like me.* His own major regrets in life were not having had a father and not having been kicked off the Rockefeller tit at an earlier age; so he concluded that people in the ghetto needed to have their fathers not leave, and to be kicked off the government tit. The magic way to fulfill both those needs was less welfare.

What was good advice for Gilder thus became a passionate and all-encompassing theory about the nature of the world, one with quite a few glimmers of truth but an absolute blindness to the possibility that it might not be right in every

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particular. So we get sweeping statements like this one: "Unemployment compensation promotes unemployment. Aid for Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) makes more families dependent and fatherless. Disability insurance in all its multiple forms encourages the promotion of small ills into temporary disabilities and partial disabilities into total and permanent ones." All true in part; none nearly so true as to apply to every single beneficiary of those programs. And then there are moments where Gilder's devotion to his theory leads him far past even partial truth, as when, in the name of free-enterprise risk, he calls the Food and Drug Administration "the chief obstacle to U.S. medical progress" and the Toxic Substances Control Act "a license to the government to harass any company that offends it, for whatever reason."

For most people, the simplest kind of empathy leads to support for the ideas behind these laws and programs, for all their faults. Take a Sunday drive through Nitro, West Virginia, your eyes smarting and tearing from the chemicals, and it's hard to believe the sole purpose of environmental legislation is to destroy entrepreneurs. Talk to one of the thousands of poor kids who simply can't find a job, who scramble at even the hint of minimum-wage work, and it's hard to maintain that the government wouldn't be right in conferring it on him. It seems commonsensical that these are things capitalism, which even at its most untrammeled pollutes and creates employment booms and busts, cannot do perfectly, and that have been done by governments without crippling effects to capitalism. But Gilder's normal empathy mechanism has been short-circuited by his own experience. All the empathy he feels is directed toward people held back by the dole, and he just can't bleed for

At some point in the mid-1960s, on a day unconsecrated in history, American intellectuals stopped worrying about guarding the gates of High Culture above all else, and started worrying more and more about politics.

anybody else. Almost every other writer who has ventured into a ghetto has found those kids who would like to work but can't find a decent job; not Gilder. "The belief, pervasive in Washington, that there are hundreds of thousands of ghetto men miserably jobless," he wrote in his 1978 book about Albany, *Visible Man,* "brings rueful smiles, at least to the faces of men on Clinton Avenue. Washington has already created many alternatives more inviting than work."

The way Gilder maneuvers his views around the old Piping Rock problem is by taking pains to explain that the beneficiaries of the world he envisions are not the established rich, but the disadvantaged. Page after page of *Wealth and Poverty* is filled with the stories of hustling immigrants with "fierce but penniless ambitions" who ignored the sneers of the non-producers, worked hard, got rich, and provided jobs for others like them. "Families of zero wealth built America," Gilder says confidently.

Arrayed against the hustling immigrants are—surprise—rich people. "Many [rich people] had to watch their grandsons grow hair to their shoulders, drop out of expensive schools financed by disappearing family wealth, and dabble with careers in art and carpentry, interspersed with unemployment checks, before they grabbed a briefly open slot in a government bureaucracy from which to instruct the poor on the ways of upward mobility. . . . The declining rich of all ethnic groups are happy to stay put near the top, administering ideological benefits for those below and adopting the fashionable image of a progressive 'new class' to disguise the reality of the old class in decline."

It's true that the established rich are always the enemies of the newly rich, and that they have always used a variety of social, cultural, and political means to keep the arrivistes down. But beyond that, does the part about the "new class" sound familiar? It should. The new class is the

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To lionize the entrepreneur and to understand how he's different from the kind of businessman who believes in socialism for the rich is a great breakthrough for a conservative intellectual to make, and Gilder is to be congratulated for it....But he's wrong to insist that the entrepreneur be exempted from political democracy.

great discovery of conservative intellectuals in the 1970s, uniting disparate ideological strains. Gilder is mostly a supply-side economist (though also an ardent antifeminist), and so his political agenda of tax and welfare cuts barely intersects that of the neoconservatives, who want a welfare state and a "strong America" foreign policy. But the neoconservatives hate the new class too, and argue on the alleged behalf of what one of their number, Ben Wattenberg, calls "the real America." Conservative intellectuals have different versions of who it is they are championing—Wattenberg sees himself as the spokesman of the blue-collar union man, Gilder as the spokesman of the businessman with a wild new idea—but they all agree that it is the new class that is keeping their guys down. Conservatives now love to frame whatever they want as the exact opposite of the goals of the Volvo-driving, ecomaniacal, fashionably anti-American bureaucrats and media people.

The lion's share of the credit for inventing the new class in contemporary American political thought should go to Kevin Phillips for his 1969 book, *The Emerging Republican Majority*. Since then just about every conservative political tract manages to work in the word "majority" to show whose side the conservatives are on. When Barry Goldwater rewrote *The Conscience of a Conservative* in 1970, he called it *The Conscience of a Majority*. When Wattenberg started his Scoop Jackson-for-president committee in 1972, he called it the Committee for a Democratic Majority. Norman Podhoretz called his 1980 postelection analysis in *Commentary* "The New American Majority." Just recently Thomas Sowell transferred the whole anti-new-class line of reasoning to blacks and wrote in *The Washington Post* that black liberalism is espoused mainly by light-skinned blacks from privileged backgrounds. Patricia Roberts Harris, he said, was in the snob sorority at Howard, while he, Tom Sowell from Harlem, was working his way through school waiting on tables. It was only natural that she would become a liberal and he a conservative.

This line of reasoning has worked for conservatives because, it must be said, there is so much truth in it. The cultural snobbishness that lurked under the surface of liberal intellectualism in the fifties survived the transition of the intellectual battleground from culture to politics in the sixties quite well. If liberals love democracy so much, why do they want most of the day-to-day decisions of government to be made by unelected bureaucrats and lawyers and judges? Why have they let grassroots political organizing and fundraising become almost completely the province of conservatives? Why, in the midst of all their righteous fervor about the Vietnam war, wasn't there a peep from the most influential of them about why poor people's kids were dying over there and their kids were getting deferments? Why have they made Washington the richest city in the country, and the most immune to economic shock? They have protected themselves so fully from any kind of injury that, in their souls, the injuries of others are mainly abstractions and debating points.

But that doesn't mean conservative intellectuals' devotion to democracy is unalloyed. In the social and cultural sense, as they have taken over Washington they have shown themselves to be just as adept as the liberals at turning one or another agonizing problem into the occasion for a pleasant three-day seminar. And intellectually they have created a curious escape clause for themselves. In Gilder's world, if a majority of the people decide they want lower taxes, ah, that's the miracle of democracy. But if a majority of the people decide they want to redistribute income through progressive tax laws, labor laws, and welfare, or provide essential services like medical care to people who can't afford them, or curb the market's physical excesses, somehow that does *not* fall under the rubric of democracy in action. It falls under the rubric of the new class in action, up to its old tricks, thwarting the entrepreneur who can save society.

Gilder attributes the shape of federal income tax policy to "lawyers working for the government"; political support for the idea of income redistribution to "the rich" and "college professors"; housing programs to "the upper-class . . . officials at the Department of Housing and Urban Development"; and the liberal

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agenda in general to the urge "to vindicate sweeping new powers for government and its messianic new class," who work their will "by means of compulsion and through the agency of undemocratic power." It's true that the aforementioned have disproportionate influence and that, in particular, programs like busing, affirmative action, and bilingual education are largely their creation, but ideas like the income tax, the environmental protection laws, and the laws that protect mothers from drugs that could deform their babies have been endorsed time and again by the people's elected representatives. There's no getting around that, and Gilder's sainted entrepreneurs are going to have to live with those laws as long as we have a democratic country.

Gilder is right to revere the entrepreneur, not only for his innovation and job creation but also for the ripple effect of his genuine enthusiasm about and belief in what he does. He is right that most bureaucrats, technocrats, management consultants, merger and acquisition specialists, and the like lack those qualities. To lionize the entrepreneur and to understand how he's different from the kind of businessman who believes in socialism for the rich is a great breakthrough for a conservative intellectual to make, and Gilder is to be congratulated for it.

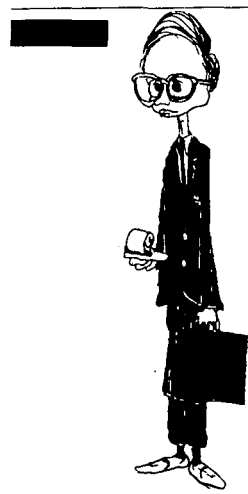
But he's wrong in taking the argument one step further and insisting, essentially, that the entrepreneur be exempted from political democracy—that any economic or regulatory tampering with him kills his spirit and so destroys his contribution. Only in their worst moments of self-pity do entrepreneurs really think like that, and even then they never show any sign of considering *Atlas Shrugged*-style abdication from society. What entrepreneurs do when they feel imposed upon is one of two things, both unfortunate: they join the Mid-continent Oil and Gas Association and let a cynical Washington lobbyist do their political thinking for them; or they sell their company and retire to Palm Springs with the proceeds. Either of those outcomes could be avoided if the entrepreneur were respected, even on a level with foundation presidents and assistant secretaries of state and second leads in highly rated television series. In particular, it's crucial that the people who impose restrictions on them in the name of democracy respect and understand them. If they do, and if entrepreneurs and Washington policymakers thus become imbued with roughly the same national spirit, then entrepreneurs can be taxed and required to run safe factories without their strong desire to *do* being sapped.

The real problem is that in recent years our society has failed to give entrepreneurs that respect, with too much of the Left biased against businessmen of any kind and too much of the Right more concerned with protecting existing businesses, particularly the large corporations, than with encouraging the new plants, more jobs, and higher productivity that the entrepreneurial spirit could bring.

Just as an idea, the notion of the entrepreneur as inviolable, untaxable, and unregulatable is dangerous for conservative intellectuals like Gilder because it leads so inescapably to another idea, the old one of mistrust of democracy and of the masses. Gilder has to explain somehow why it is that most Americans want a welfare state. To do it, he is forced to adopt a tone not natural to him—the familiar, starchy tone of a Russell Kirk:

"The public—as Walter Lippmann demonstrated, one should have thought for all time, in his magisterial work *Public Opinion*—is largely a phantom. . . . In a democratic system, a reversal of the appropriate direction of influence allows impressionable figments of mass sentiment to dictate to the powerful and permanent mechanisms of represented leadership. The result is a restive and alienated electorate, a failure of political authority, a sluggish and uncreative government, and a tendency toward national decline. . . ."

Never mind the oppression of the hustling immigrants by the new class; now we're back to the old stuff. Mass sentiment . . . the public . . . impressionable . . . failure of authority . . . That untouchable entrepreneur could do for George Gilder what High Culture did for his intellectual forebears. It could make him fall out of love with democracy. ■



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WHO'S WHO
IN THE ADMINISTRATION

A monthly update of changes in the administration.

Who are the emerging powers just below the Baker-Meese-Deaver level at the Reagan White House? Two names that are often mentioned are **Richard Darman** and **David Gergen.** Darman is said to be extremely able and highly esteemed by his colleagues. He knows Washington, having worked at HEW, Defense, Justice, and Commerce. But having acquired this experience as an aide to Elliot Richardson, a name not revered on the Republican Right, he finds it prudent to maintain a low profile. Gergen, too, served under the Nixon and Ford administrations—as a speechwriter. Like other Nixon holdovers, he was bitterly resented by many of the incoming Ford loyalists. Perhaps they should have been less bitter, since there is at least a chance that Gergen helped pave the way for Ford's assumption of the presidency. According to *Washington Monthly* contributing editor Taylor Branch, who ghost-wrote John Dean's book, *Blind Ambition,* "while Dean was in prison for his role in the Watergate coverup, he concluded that 'Deep Throat' was David Gergen." Gergen, it turns out, knew Bob Woodward from Yale and helped set up White House appointments for Woodward and Carl Bernstein in early 1973. He denies Dean's charge. . . .

You may have noticed that the "Who's Who" listings in recent months have included very few names from the Pentagon. In fact, as of the beginning of April, only 12 out of 32 high-level civilian positions at the Department of Defense had been filled. . . .

The Pentagon is one place, however, that doesn't have to worry about RIFing. About what? RIF stands for "reduction in force," and it is the big new word among government employees nowadays. With the budget cuts will come some elimination of jobs, although the number of layoffs is likely to be far smaller than originally anticipated. When agencies have to choose between cutting more from the programs they administer and cutting back on bureaucrats, they choose the former. Another problem with RIFs is that when they do occur, they are usually based on seniority. That means young, energetic federal workers sometimes lose their jobs while older, more expensive GS 14s to 16s are kept on in often useless positions. . . .

The White House was all set to name Federal Trade commissioner **Patricia Bailey** to be the FTC's new chairman, but then Bailey, a Republican, went and did something she shouldn't have. What Bailey did was to make a speech in which she leveled some mild criticism at **David Stockman.** In an earlier interview, Stockman had blasted the FTC, charging that it had been built by "professional consumer activists" and run by a "passel of ideologues who are hostile to the business system . . ." He suggested the antitrust division of the commission be abolished. Bailey defended the antitrust division and commented, "Well, William Howard Taft, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Louis Brandeis have been called many things, but 'professional consumer activists'?" The White House decided Bailey wasn't what it had in mind after all.

In

WHITE HOUSE

Special Assistant to the President—**Virginia Knauer** was consumer affairs adviser to Presidents Nixon and Ford.

Special Assistant to the President for Management and Director of the Office of Administration—**John F. W. Rogers** has been with the American Enterprise Institute.

Special Assistant to the President for Political Liaison—**Paul Russo** has been an assistant to Rep. Thomas Evans.

Deputy Assistant to the President for Legislative Affairs—**Kenneth M. Duberstein** was an aide to former Sen. Jacob Javits and before that served as director of congressional relations for the Department of Labor.

Deputy Assistant to the President for Legislative Affairs—**Powell A. Moore** was Deputy Special Assistant for Legislative Affairs in the Nixon and Ford administrations.

Deputy Counsel to the President—**Richard A. Hauser** served in the Office of Counsel to the President in the Ford administration.

Deputy Counsel to the President—**Herbert E. Ellingwood,** a California lawyer, was legal affairs secretary to Governor Reagan.

Special Assistant to the Counsellor—**Mitchell F. Stanley** worked in the Reagan and Connally presi-

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dential campaigns and before that in the State Department Office of International Energy Policy.

Associate Director of Presidential Personnel—**Wendy H. Borcherdt,** a California management consultant, worked in the Reagan campaign.

AGRICULTURE

Administrator, Food and Nutrition Service—**G. William Hoagland** has been on the staff of the Congressional Budget Office.

General Counsel—**A. James Barnes** was a partner in the Washington law firm Beveridge, Fairbanks, and Diamond.

COMMERCE

Commissioner of Patents and Trademarks—**Gerald J. Mossinghoff** was deputy general counsel of NASA.

General Counsel—**Sherman E. Unger** was General Counsel to HUD during the Nixon administration.

Assistant Secretary for Tourism—**Frederick Morris Bush** worked on the Bush for President campaign (he is no relation) and before that was a legislative aide to Rep. Joe Skubitz.

DEFENSE

Assistant Secretary for International Security Affairs—**Francis J. West** was a deputy secretary of defense in the Ford administration.

Assistant Secretary for Legislative Affairs—**Russell A. Rourke** was an aide to President Ford for legislative affairs.

Assistant Secretary for Manpower, Reserve Affairs, and Logistics—**Lawrence J. Korb** was director of defense policy studies with the American Enterprise Institute.

Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs—**Henry Edward Catto, Jr.,** is a former ambassador to El Salvador and was chairman of the board of *Washington Journalism Review.*

Director, National Security Agency—**Lincoln D. Faurer,** an Air Force lieutenant general, has been deputy chairman of NATO's Military Committee.

EDUCATION

Assistant Secretary for Elementary and Secondary Education—**Vincent E. Reed** was superintendent of schools in the District of Columbia.

General Counsel—**Daniel Oliver,** a New York lawyer, is a former executive editor of *National Review.*

Special Assistant to the Secretary—**Rev. Robert Billings,** a former executive director of Moral Majority, worked in the Reagan campaign.

ENERGY

Deputy Secretary—**Willard K. Davis** has been a vice-president of the Bechtel Corporation.

Assistant Secretary for Management and Administration—**William Heffelfinger** has been director of administration at DOE since 1977, and before that was an assistant secretary of transportation.

Assistant Secretary for Nuclear Energy—**Shelby T. Brewer** was director of DOE's Division of Plans and Evaluation under the Carter administration.

Assistant Secretary for Conservation and Renewable Energy—**Joseph J. Tribble** has been an engineer with the Union Camp Corporation, a pulp and paper company in Savannah, Georgia.

Assistant Secretary for Congressional, Intergovernmental and Public Affairs—**Robert C. Odle** has been counsel for International Paper Co., and before that served as a special assistant to President Nixon.

HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES

Deputy Assistant Secretary for Health—**C. Everett Koop, M.D.,** an anti-abortion activist, has a background in pediatrics, clinical medicine and medical research.

Deputy Commissioner of Social Security—**Robert J. Myers** worked for the Social Security Administration from 1947 to 1970.

HOUSING AND URBAN DEVELOPMENT

Assistant Secretary for Community Planning and Development—**Stephen J. Bollinger** was director of the Columbus, Ohio, Metropolitan Housing Authority.

Assistant Secretary for Legislation and Congressional Relations—**Stephen May** is a former mayor of Rochester, New York.

General Counsel—**John J. Knapp** was with National Kinney Corp., a housing and parking lot development firm.

INTERIOR

Assistant to the Secretary and Director of Public Affairs—**Douglas Baldwin** has held a similar post at the Interstate Commerce Commission since 1977.

Solicitor—**William H. Coldiron** has been with the Montana Power Co.

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Commissioner, Water and Power Resources Service—**Robert N. Broadbent** was a Nevada pharmacist and mayor of Boulder City, Nevada.

Assistant Director for Inspection and Enforcement—**Steven Griles** was an official of Virginia's economic development and conservation department.

STATE

Assistant Secretary for African Affairs—**Chester Crocker** was with Georgetown University's Foreign Service School.

Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs—**Dean Fischer** was a correspondent for *Time* magazine.

Counselor—**Robert C. McFarlane** has been on the Senate Armed Services Committee.

Deputy U.S. Trade Representative—**Michael B. Smith** has been a foreign service officer in France, Iran, and Chad.

Ambassador to Great Britain—**John J. Lewis, Jr.,** has been an executive for the Gannett newspaper chain.

Ambassador to Ireland—**William E. McCann** has been president of the Foundation Financial Corp., a New Jersey holding company.

Ambassador to the Organization of American States—**J. William Middendorf** served as secretary of the navy under President Nixon.

TRANSPORTATION

Assistant Secretary for Budget and Programs—**Donald A. Derman** has been deputy associate director of the Office of Management and Budget under President Carter.

Administrator, Urban Mass Transportation Administration—**Arthur Teele** has been a Florida labor lawyer.

TREASURY

Assistant Secretary for International Affairs—**Marc E. Leland** has been a London partner of the New York law firm Proskauer, Rose, Goetz and Mendelsohn.

Assistant Secretary for Domestic Finance—**Roger W. Mehle, Jr.,** was an attorney with Dean Witter Reynolds, Inc. in New York.

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

Export-Import Bank
President and Chairman—**William H. Draper III** has been a venture capital investor with Sutter Hill Ventures, Palo Alto, California.

Federal Communications Commission
Chairman—**Mark S. Fowler,** an attorney with the firm of Fowler and Meyers, worked in the Reagan presidential campaigns in 1976 and 1980.

Federal Home Loan Bank Board
Chairman—**Richard T. Pratt** has been a University of Utah finance professor, and was with the Seattle FHLB regional office during the Nixon administration.

Federal Trade Commission Director, Bureau of Consumer Protection—**James H. Sneed** was the FTC's general counsel, and before that was a lawyer with the firm of Hogan and Hartson in Washington, D.C.

International Development Cooperation Agency
Administrator, Agency for International Development—**M. Peter McPherson** has been with AID since 1977, and before that was with the Columbus, Ohio, law firm of Vorys, Sater, Seymour, and Pease.

General Counsel, Agency for International Development—**John R. Bolton** has been an attorney with the Washington law firm of Covington and Burling.

Nuclear Regulatory Commission
Chairman—**Joseph M. Hendrie** has been with the NRC as a commissioner and was chairman from 1977 to 1979.

Out

HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES
Secretary—**Patricia Roberts Harris** is now a scholar-in-residence at the National Academy of Public Administration.

STATE
Secretary—**Edmund S. Muskie** has joined the Washington office of Chadbourne, Parke, Whiteside and Wolff.

TRANSPORTATION
Secretary—**Neil Goldschmidt** is now vice-president of international marketing for Nike, Inc., the sports shoe company.

FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION
Commissioner—**Robert Pitofsky** will return to academic life.

SECURITIES AND EXCHANGE COMMISSION
Chairman—**Harold L. Williams** has resigned.

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HIGHBROW ROBBERY

Why College Shouldn't Cost $o Much

by Seth Kupferberg

The price tags shock a lot less than they have any right to. If you or one of your kids had studied at, say, Brown University in 1970-71, it would have set you back $4,890 for tuition, room and board. In 1975-76, the figure was $5,750. This fall it will be $10,242. Such figures are well known; what's surprising is the resignation with which people face them. Soaring college tuition has become a misfortune that is taken for granted—a burden, like the weather or the use of "impact" as a verb, that everyone bemoans but no one does anything about.

The Carnegie Commission on Higher Education declared in 1972 that the best universities can hope for is to hold the growth of tuition to a rate two and a half percent *above* that of inflation—because, the commission said, in education there are rarely important technological breakthroughs. Thus "productivity" never rises as it does in other areas.

But even when tuition rises at only the *same* rate as other prices, it's an unusually dramatic rise. It comes in big annual increments, whether people are ready for them or not. The fact is, most people don't postpone a college education as they might an expensive vacation or buying a new car. Tuition payments represent a big expense, and one unusually bound up with people's feelings of responsibility towards their children. Also, if only because expensive educations are sought after by politically influential middle-class and wealthy families, increases in educational costs affect public life in a special way. They help spur specific proposals like tuition tax credits, for lower as well as higher education. More pervasively, they make plausible the notion that even the quite well off can no longer afford to educate their children—giving such people an extra, creditable reason to demand raises from the government, to stick to useless but well-paying jobs, and to prefer big dollars to public service or even personal fulfillment. When Dickens's Mr. Boffin in *Our Mutual Friend* decided to become a miser, he announced that otherwise he would die in the workhouse. Today, he might discover instead that he had three kids to put through college.

Seth Kupferberg is a New York writer and lawyer.

A Revolution

So why does it cost so much to go to college? Harried administrators often blame problems that affect everyone, not just colleges, with particular emphasis on whatever is getting headlines at a given moment. For the Carnegie Commission, it was productivity. A few years back, when the energy crisis filled the newspapers, high heating costs became a favored

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explanation. In truth, energy plays a comparatively small role in a university's budget, though it admittedly looms somewhat larger if non-educational categories like research are set aside. New York University's $369 million 1979 budget included $29 million for "operation of plant," but it presumably paid for more than heating, and the total budget had risen almost as much as the operation sector from the year before. Compared to other industries, especially manufacturing, higher education is not particularly energy intensive.

Nor is education unduly hampered by government regulations, another favorite whipping boy for administrators trying to justify tuition increases. When Yale president A. Bartlett Giamatti complained recently about the high cost of government regulation, the rule he chose to criticize was one requiring universities to provide more detailed accounting of how they spend the money *the government gives them.*

Of course, society-wide problems do play some part in colleges' predicament. But the trend towards impossible tuitions is so widespread and so dramatic that it makes more sense to concentrate on modern academe itself. A good starting point is a long-term, well-recognized development—what Christopher Jencks and David Riesman, when they wanted a title for their excellent 1968 book on American higher education, called "the academic revolution."

This "revolution" consisted of a gradual change in the structure and purpose of this country's higher education, accompanied—as Jencks and Riesman put it—by a "steady rise in the level of amenity expected (indeed demanded) by college professors and administrators and to a lesser extent by students." Over several decades, small colleges, which served only a small minority of Americans and were peripheral to our economy, grew into large, fairly independent, influential universities with enormous numbers of students and important functions that have little connection to education. These functions include research, and above all providing credentials for sorting people into economic roles.

The "revolution" drew its strengths from all sorts of changes in society—from businesses' increasing reliance on academic credentials in hiring, to professors' desire to enhance their own status through greater perquisites, autonomy, and influence, to the rising expectations of a new generation of students. Particularly after World War II, when government and corporate money for research and student aid was there for the asking, new students poured in. First came ex-GIs, then children of the baby boom; all were eager to upgrade themselves in ways that many of their parents never could have imagined.

According to Jencks and Riesman, from 1949 to 1964 universities' per-student instructional costs rose more than twice as fast as per-capita gross national product, whereas in earlier periods the national product usually had risen faster. A primary reason: increased spending on faculty. Faculty salaries, which had lagged relative to other salaries during the 1930s and 1940s, soon regained their old levels. Then came the perks. Professors "gained private offices, secretarial help, much lighter teaching loads, graduate assistants," and other luxuries. Today, a tenured professor at an elite college—with his own secretary and comfortable office (or even two, if he consults as well), two or three classes, and a social life that includes tea or sherry with the dean—can lead a very good life indeed. That's not even mentioning summers off.

As important as this kind of increase in college budgets was another kind of growth, which proved even more significant. The revolution brought with it not only amenities for those inside academe's groves, but immense growth in the *number* of those eligible for the amenities—many of them people involved with extraeducational functions such as scientific research. At first, many of these new positions were paid for exclusively out of special government or corporate grants; thus the rapid postwar growth in research had no immediate impact on what students had to pay. But the eventual effect was to swell greatly the size of the whole academic enterprise and change notions of what is possible and necessary for a university.

This swelling, and the fact that the first two decades after World War II were affluent, ambitious, and particularly friendly toward higher education, gave rise to another kind of growth—growth in an increasingly specialized academic bureaucracy. From 1959 to 1968, one Carnegie Commission report found, administrative costs per student nationwide rose 6.3 percent a year. Admissions officers, financial aid officers, coordinators and processors of grants—administrators of all kinds sprang up where professors and a relatively few hired hands had previously managed on their own. In Mary McCarthy's 1952 novel, *The Groves of Academe,* teachers do everything from organizing writers' conferences to supervising student dances. Fifteen years later, such functions somehow would have required associate deans or

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special assistants to the president. They in turn would likely have had assistants or at least a secretary of their own.

Obviously, this kind of thing, even when necessary, has a price tag. A Carnegie Commission study done by June O'Neill found that between 1939 and 1967 instructional expenditures shrank from 70.5 to 48 percent of private colleges' total expenditures—despite the rapid rise in per-student expenditures noted by Jencks and Riesman. Research grants, especially from the government, helped finance the change. And the government helped pay rising tuition bills—the World War II GI bill, unlike its Korea and Vietnam successors, paid not a fixed stipend but actual tuitions, making it easier for schools to up their charges.

During the academic revolution colleges enjoyed considerable freedom from market constraints, partly because of the affluence of those who paid the bills, but also because what colleges were selling became more widely desired even as its price went up. With plenty of baby-boom children around, good, expensive colleges could be more selective in admissions (another impulse encouraged by the influx of GI applicants) through a winnowing process that, incidentally, required a little more bureaucracy.

Paradoxically, when colleges excluded more applicants, more people sought them out. Selectivity in admissions not only makes a school a better credential, but may improve the education—because students learn from other students, not just from classes or professors. "Upper middle class buyers seem to recognize a good thing when they see it," Jencks and Riesman wrote, noting that rich schools spent their own money, *plus* what they extracted in tuition from students' parents. Thus, "the best endowed institutions tend to charge the highest tuition."

Like the oil companies, the "best" colleges found they could charge absolutely anything and get it—the status was worth that much. The lesser colleges almost had to follow suit in order to stay competitive—in the same way an aspiring jewelry store raises its prices so as not to appear cheap. In recent years, less prestigious colleges have been able to get away with that in part because of the government loan program. Government help meant more students could go to college, but it also meant colleges didn't have much of an incentive to slash tuition as a way of attracting students.

Meanwhile, other sources of funding started to crumble. In the early seventies, the economy went sour. As the stock market lost its sheen, it became harder to attract gifts and harder to foist tuition increases on strapped parents. The government became less willing to act as a giver of last resort—a change evident as early as 1967 but certainly more marked after the election of Richard Nixon, who was helped by a tide of anti-student feeling. In 1967-68 the federal government spent $2.4 billion on research at colleges and universities; by 1971 this had gone down to $1.6 billion. Energy costs soared. Price indexes went up. The baby-boom generation began to disappear. Most of these changes affected everyone, not just universities; but in one sense, elite universities were particularly vulnerable to such troubles.

Colleges in the 1970s were like J. D. Salinger's bananafish. Having swum in and gorged themselves, they found no easy way to slim back down and swim out to open sea.

Banana Fish

Universities were particularly vulnerable because they had become accustomed to the academic revolution—the laboratories, amenities, and supporting bureaucracy that went with being important, and elite, educational institutions. Giving that up was hard. Big institutions continued to demand big administrative budgets—at NYU "general expenses" came to over $10 million in the 1978-79 academic year. Even though expansion often has little to do with improving education, it is now part of what students as well as faculty expect from major universities and elite colleges. If gifts and grants stop growing, that doesn't do anything to shrink the institutions they helped pay for.

So the postwar boom had wrought something irrevocable. Even in simpler but still symptomatic ways, universities showed that they considered the academic revolution permanent. Columbia College, says vice-president Robert Cooper, operated at less than full enrollment—thus increasing costs per student—for about a decade after its 1968 student rebellion helped shrink the number of applicants it thought

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worthy of acceptance. Standards should be inelastic—that was the thinking. No one could bear the thought of lowering them. In this respect, as in others, a new strain on a college's resources usually prompts an increase rather than a decrease in bureaucratic expenditure—for instance, a school with fewer outstanding applicants than it likes may increase its admissions staff to step up and improve recruiting.

At least running at top speed to stay still is deliberate. In other ways, schools seem to have increased their problems without knowing it. With the confidence nurtured during the successful decades of the revolution, they assumed their worries could be eased by painless manipulation. For example, Ford Foundation president McGeorge Bundy commissioned an influential report, released in 1969—not long before the bottom fell out of the market for "growth" stocks—that encouraged colleges disappointed in the return from traditional conservative investments to take a gander at more speculative "go-go" stocks and treat their capital gains as spendable income. "It may have been a good idea," NYU treasurer Anthony Marchionni concedes ruefully, "but the timing couldn't have been worse." Schools that let Bundy seduce them ended up taking baths.

Thus, in terms of their own needs—from the supply side—colleges in the 1970s were like J. D. Salinger's bananafish. Having swum towards shore and gorged themselves on bananas, they found no easy way to slim back down and swim out to the open sea. Yet, in terms of what they could extract from consumers—from the demand side—colleges, with all their problems, retained a considerable amount of power.

One interesting way of viewing the problem is to compare university costs with hospital costs, where inflation also has been unusually severe in recent years. In each case, professionals can dictate to consumers how much they need to spend on something the consumers don't feel trained to understand. Even if a patient or a parent feels he's being overcharged, he isn't likely to take a chance on something as important as his health or his children's future—all the more so if government payments such as health insurance or student loans take care of costs at their most burdensome.

In each case also, competition among institutions often takes the form not of trying to cut costs, but of trying to provide more and more expensive and prestigious services—CAT scanners, enormous research libraries, labs, or endowed chairs in some new area—regardless of whether they are really needed. One reason this happens is that because the professionals dispense an ill-defined service rather than a tangible good, there is no clear limit on how much can be spent providing it. "If it took half the revenue of the nation, nobody would grudge it," Dr. Leete, the guide to a better future in Edward Bellamy's utopian novel *Looking Backward,* says of higher education. Universities sometimes seem likely to make this single aspect of Bellamy's dream come true.

Hospitals are not the only useful analogy. Universities' blend of vulnerability and strength—their unwillingness to slim down and command of enough resources to stay well fed but always hungry—is characteristic of many other institutions. Many parts of government, business and labor leadership have largely escaped the discipline of the market without achieving a self-discipline to take its place. Compare universities to steel companies. In each case, price leadership replaces price competition. If an elite college has been wise in its investments or small enough not to need many administrators, it still won't treat a sister school's tuition hike as a chance to woo away some students. Rather, like a steel company, it will raise its own tuition in order to enhance endowment, upgrade some program, or raise salaries. In fact, cutting tuition might hurt a college's prestige and so wind up *discouraging* applicants—a problem that did not exist in education until the academic revolution took hold.

Change Our Thinking

So where to turn for answers? In a recent *Harper's* article, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan set forth one possibility. To preserve their autonomy, Moynihan wrote, colleges should have negotiated with the government some guarantee of adequate aid, without government control. But even if it were still possible, such a picture—colleges spending large amounts of public money without any sort of accountability or public control—is hardly more attractive than the current Medicare system, in which doctors and hospitals do much the same thing.

At the opposite extreme, critics of universities and government aid often demand that colleges cut out waste—which means that, in accordance with the logic of economic competition, they get rid of inefficient luxuries like small departments and generous scholarship programs. No one could deny that waste in universities should be eliminated. But a lot of the practices micro-

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economic logic would deem "inefficient" really are important to education, and their submersion in our capitalist ocean would be a shame even if it held tuition down. For instance, one of the reasons people go to college is for contact, however fleeting and indirect, with professors working in obscure fields—or resting on their laurels in obscure fields—for no better reason than that both find the fields interesting. One of the broadening perspectives elite schools offer their lucky students is that of an island where economic logic *doesn't* reign unchallenged or supreme.

That said, it still ought to be possible for schools to be less prodigal. Much as there is no social reason for every hospital to have its own CAT scanner, although each hospital's staff may have an interest in pushing for it, there isn't any reason for each university to have its own school of public affairs, specialized research laboratory, or large-scale admissions office if there's another like it nearby. Government is slowly moving towards putting cost controls on hospitals by limiting the equipment hospitals can acquire and by encouraging inexpensive forms of health care such as health maintenance organizations. No one wants government licensing of colleges to get more stringent, but aid programs and restrictions on grants tailored to encourage colleges to keep total spending and tuition down—without dictating how they spend the money—could help force them to make more frugal choices on their own.

More directly, university communities themselves ought to be able to take advantage of market economics, instead of simply hunkering down against it or succumbing to it. Like everyone else, professors and other academics should have decent lives, but their academic interest, not their earnings, should be what keeps them in education. This points up one of the drawbacks of tenure, a luxury which produces professors who, once safe, sometimes do less teaching and more outside earning.

The least universities should do is retrieve some of these profits by requiring that professors whose outside earnings derive partly from their association with the university contribute a percentage of these earnings to it. In a few places, this is already happening. According to *The Washington Post,* three quarters of the country's medical schools have "medical practice plans," under which faculty members who practice in a university hospital split fees with the schools ($737 million worth last year). The same idea should apply outside of medicine. No doubt there are borderline cases—the biologist who writes a novel, the classicist who writes a screenplay—but there are also thousands of lawyers, economists, and other academics ensconced part-time in the consulting businesses that honeycomb cities like New Haven and Cambridge. These professors clearly profit from the prestige, facilities, and flexibility that come with university employment. Why shouldn't the universities get something from this, too?

Similarly, universities should make some money from discoveries and products their facilities make possible. Harvard recently decided not to participate in a commercial genetic engineering company along the lines of Genentech, the phenomenally successful concern that grew partly from research at the University of California. Harvard president Derek Bok explained that holding stock in a genetics company "would create a number of potential conflicts" with the university's traditional "academic values"—for instance, commercial need for secrecy can rub up against a scholar's concern with the free circulation of ideas. Potential conflicts are there, all right—secrecy aside, letting corporate profits help shape scientific research isn't the Idea of a University. But Harvard's nonparticipation in the venture doesn't banish these conflicts, it merely sweeps them out of sight, and insures that individual professors, unaccountable to the university community as a whole, can get rich by ignoring them. If commercial possibilities *are* going to shape its scholars' research, the university should get some profit from them—and retain a measure of control.

The ultimate way to hold tuition down, of course, would be to change the whole way we think about a prestigious university education. Right now, employers and jobseekers alike are wedded to a rampant credentialism that in many fields makes the number of degrees you hold more important than your ability to actually *do* something. Not surprisingly, colleges and universities encourage this—along with the idea that the place you go to learn will determine your whole life. By attaching more importance to the location of one's education than to its substance, society gives universities license to charge huge sums to students who believe a prestigious degree will pay for itself. If colleges would let some of that go by the wayside and concentrate more on helping people learn, the result might be more education and less scurrying—and tuition might stop shooting up.

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Where to Stay in Washington

The West End

Lying just east of Georgetown and just west of Connecticut Avenue as it runs from K Street to Dupont Circle, the West End is Washington's fastest growing area. Buildings are being demolished (including some of the venerable Victorian town houses) and new ones constructed faster than you can bat an eye, and apartment buildings are being converted to condominiums or hotels. One Washington Circle, the Georgetown Hotel, Embassy Square, and Hampshire Towers Hotel are all products of this trend. The West End is a convenient area for business or touring visitors: it's a stone's throw from Georgetown's boutiques and restaurants, near the government agencies in Foggy Bottom and the K Street business district. In most cases, it's a short walk to a subway stop.

Embassy Square, 2000 N Street, N.W., (202) 659-9000. Located right on the edge of the business district, this apartment hotel is one of the better bargains in the West End area. The decor is simple but tasteful and all suites have kitchens, sofa beds in the parlor area, color TVs, and heat lamps in bathrooms. However, be sure to pack pots, pans, flatware, and china because there is nothing in the kitchens except appliances. There's also a small pool, a doctor and a dentist in the hotel, and a complimentary continental breakfast served every morning. Single rates: efficiencies, $58; one-bedroom suites, $78; two-bedroom suites, $98. Doubles, $12 additional. Indoor parking is $1.65 a day; no charge for children under 18 in the same room with parents. There's one meeting room, which can accommodate up to 60. Room service is 11 a.m. to midnight.

The Black Horse Tavern serves a fairly expensive lunch and dinner and every evening at 9 they feature recorded big band music. The atmosphere can be a bit somber, but there are lots of little nooks in the dining room for privacy.

Georgetown Hotel, 2121 P Street, N.W., (202) 292-3100. Another former apartment building, the Georgetown Hotel is still in transition (some tenants have yet to move out). It has a traditional flavor; there are antiques and historical memorabilia in the lobby, and the guest rooms are decorated in browns and blues. Some nice extras include a doctor, dentist, and hair stylist in the hotel, a rooftop pool, sauna, and exercise room. Jane Haslem's art gallery is right off the lobby and about a half dozen other galleries are within walking distance. All rooms have fully equipped kitchens, sleep sofas in the parlors, and desks, but one drawback is that none of the suites have dining tables, so be sure to make arrangements with the management if you're planning a dinner party. Single rates: efficiencies, $55; suites, $60-$75. Doubles, $10 extra. A two-bedroom suite is available at $150. The weekend package is a bargain—two nights (Friday or Saturday arrival) at $35 a night, double *or* single occupancy. Parking is $4 a night; children under 12 are free in the same room with parents. Room service is available from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. There are also six meeting rooms which can accommodate from 12 to 100 people.

The restaurant is in keeping with the rest of the hotel—traditional atmosphere with dark wood, red carpeting, and historical doodads here and there.

Guest Quarters, 2500 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., (202) 333-8060. If you're tired of staying in hotel rooms that look like they've been decorated by automatons, you'll enjoy a little pizzazz at Guest Quarters. All rooms are suites (with kitchens and separate bedrooms) and are cheerfully decorated in bright blues and greens with chrome and glass furniture, director's chairs, contemporary graphics, live plants and silk flower arrangements. The kitchens (all fully equipped) are done in jazzy black and white and have dishwashers and china service for four. Bedrooms have two double beds. Singles, $95; doubles, $110. Parking your car and parking a child under 18 both cost $5 a day. You also won't have to cope with tearful goodbyes to your boa—small pets are $4 a day. Weekend rates are negotiable.

There are no dining facilities in the hotel, but you can run next door to **da Vinci's** (Italian food—dinner entrees, $8.95-$14.50) and charge it to your room. You can also have the hotel serve you a continental breakfast in your room (there's a charge, however). For your other meals, Guest Quarters's concierge will order groceries for you, or you can walk a few blocks to Georgetown or take the metro downtown.

Hampshire Towers Hotel, 1310 New Hampshire Avenue, N.W., (202) 293-3100. This was a small apartment building three years ago, and now it's your basic no frills, no thrills hotel. It lacks the polish of a well-managed hotel and even the rates don't make up for it. All rooms are either studios or one-bedroom suites with completely equipped kitchens, color TVs and radios. The atmosphere is supposedly European, but let's just say it defies description (fabrics in rooms don't match, rooms need painting, and so on). Efficiencies, $56, one-bedroom suites, $66, for singles. Add $10 for double rates. Monthly and corporate rates are available upon request. Parking is $3 a day; children under 18 are free in the same room with

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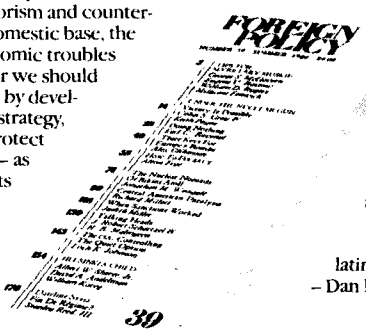

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parents. There's a game room with pinball machines and TV, and a laundromat in the basement. One-day valet service is available.

A small cafe, **Parquet Square,** adjoins the hotel. Prices for lunch and dinner are inexpensive; breakfast is served only on the weekends.

The Marriott, 22nd and M Streets, N.W., (202) 872-1500. You'll always see plenty of businessmen bustling about in the huge lobby of the Marriott. There are eight meeting rooms accommodating anywhere from 10 to 700 people. The guest rooms are decorated in contemporary earth tones, and have sitting areas complete with table and chairs as well as sofas. Singles, $75-$95; doubles, $90-$100; suites (no kitchens), $110-$250. There are several weekend, holiday, and group package rates available upon request. Parking is $5 a night; no charge for a third person in any room. Full room service from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. Recreation facilities include a decent-size indoor pool, whirlpool and sauna.

There are two bars in the hotel. **The Court Lounge** in the lobby features a player piano during the day and live piano and bass music at night. **Gambits** is decorated in a southwestern theme, and every night from 4:30 to 7 the desert overfloweth—there's a free taco bar and drinks are $1.50.

The Atrium, serving all three meals, is the hotel's restaurant. Everything seems to be a bit overpriced (a glorified grilled cheese sandwich is $4, and your basic truck-stop breakfast is $6). The atmosphere, however, is cozy, with stained glass, cast-iron fixtures and hanging baskets. For the traditional slab of prime ribs, **Blackie's House of Beef** adjoins the hotel.

One Washington Circle, at One Washington Circle, N.W., (202) 872-1680. This is one of Washington's most inviting luxury all-suite hotels. All accommodations, from the smallest guest room to the most lavish suite, have parlor, dining and sleeping areas, dressing rooms, fully equipped kitchens, shower massages and heat lamps in the bathrooms. Most rooms have balconies. The decor is contemporary—earth tones and subtle textures are set off by chrome and glass furniture, Steinberg, Matisse and oriental prints. Everyone gets a complimentary *Washington Post,* shoeshine, free grocery delivery and nightly turndown service. Room service is available until 10:30 p.m. There are five different types of suites: the smallest, which have bedroom areas, not separate rooms, are $92-$102; the largest are $145-$160. No charge for children under 12; parking is $5 a night. One Washington Circle also has a three-day, two-night package, including theater tickets, for $34.50 a night per person, double occupancy. There's a conference center that can accommodate from 40 to 80, and there are also two boardroom suites.

The **West End Cafe** serves three meals a day, with live piano music in the bar area at cocktail hour. The atmosphere is elegant and private (the garden room is splendid at lunch time), and the cuisine (they say everything is fresh) is unique and reasonably priced.

—Donna Fenn

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JOHN CULVER ON POLITICAL BOOKS

Michael Malbin begins his recent book* on congressional staff by recalling his first journalistic foray on Capitol Hill, during which he obtained an interview with the late Representative John Kluczynski, a subcommittee chairman. The chairman asked that a staff professional join the interview to help with "technical" issues. When Malbin asked why the bill was important, the chairman responded that it involved "millions of dollars . . . no, billions, isn't it?" turning to the aide.

Reflecting on the changes that occurred in the 16 years I served in the House and Senate, I too was reminded of Kluczynski, an amiable survivor of the shrunken domain of big city boss politics. On and off the House floor he was a man of ample and occasionally pungent reminiscences. He liked particularly to recall his friendship with Harry Truman, the focus of which seemed to be poker. Truman would invariably ask about the political situation in Chicago and Kluczynski would invariably report, "No change, Mr. President. Poles have the big votes, the Irish the big jobs."

In Michael Malbin's book, you can almost substitute members of Congress for the Poles and their staffs for the Irish. Malbin has written the most analytical work on congressional staffs yet to appear, though the subject has not been neglected on the Hill itself, where David Obey recently chaired a commission studying the subject in the House and I initiated one in the Senate. This book is primarily about committee and legislative staffs in the domestic area and less concerned with the ballooning of personal staffs, district staffs, congressional support agencies, and other administrative institutions of Congress.

It is hardly news that Congress is no longer a little village perched on a Hill. With a work force of about 25,000, a police force larger than that employed by many cities, and a printing operation rivaling that of all but a few publishing houses, it has spread into the valleys and foothills. Staffs have grown because both houses have added many new responsibilities in recent years in an effort to match some of the resources of the executive branch. New intelligence committees, oversight subcommittees, and the Congressional Budget Office are only a few examples of the trend. Malbin is trying to determine whether the representative and deliberative functions of Congress have been lacerated—if not misshapen—by the size, career goals, and zealotry of staff.

To his credit, he does not indulge himself—as do many critics of Congress—in incense-burning for a great and glorious past congressional age; there is no pining for a return to the days when legislative virtuosos could do it all by themselves. What nostalgia flows through the book is of another kind. For Malbin, the greatest damage inflicted by congressional staff growth is the loss of a sort of Socratic atmosphere where legislators spar informally with each other, deliberate rather than negotiate, and exchange ideas free of the tyranny imposed by legal briefs and technical policy memoranda.

Unquestionably, the managerial role of the member has grown immensely. The need for almost continuous recruitment and training caused by rapid staff turnover and frequent member reassignment to subcommittees adds to the burden of the greater workload and paperwork produced by that enlarged staff. Clearly, there are times when senators and representatives feel besieged by staff members pushing their own proposals and tactics.

But Malbin makes the situation more daunting than it is. In the Senate, for example, there are recognized sanctuaries for "colleagueship"—the cloakroom, the senators' private dining room, the gymnasium, hideaway offices, the secretary of the Senate and Sergeant-at-Arms offices—where senators escape from their staffs long enough to spend time together.

In fact, I frequently heard complaints from staffers that I was spending too much time on or near the floor with other representatives and senators—or constituents—rather than paying attention to them. This should be reassuring to Malbin, who at times seems to believe members of Congress follow the maxim "I am their leader; I must follow them!" Once during 1963, when on a Senate staff, I and two other staff aides were in

John Culver, an Iowa Democrat, served one term in the Senate and five in the House of Representatives. He is now teaching government affairs at Harvard and the University of Massachusetts.

**Unelected Representatives.* Michael Malbin. Basic Books, $15.95.

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the Democratic cloakroom conversing on the fringe of four or five senators. I remember Senator Joseph Clark—a patrician, courtly, as considerate of staff as any member—turning and sternly ordering us to "get out, senators are talking." There are some senators today quite capable of the same admonition—to an even larger staff audience. Malbin is more on target in his concern with the expanding "surrogate" function of staff. It's not that members are total captives of staff, or that staffers are missiles in untracked orbit. Indeed, Malbin laments that too much staff is either the reflex of, or the intellectual valet to, an individual member—too much the servant of his narrow interests and electoral needs. This means that as issues grow more complex and time-consuming, more hunting licenses get handed out to staff. Add to this the staff members' own ambitions: many go back and run for Congress themselves someday (about 60 to 65 current congressmen are former staffers), and most of those who don't still hope to move on to important policy jobs in the executive branch or to law firms and trade associations that do frequent business on the Hill.

But it's important not to exaggerate. Ever since I first started working in Congress in 1963 I have heard complaints about the 101st senator or 436th representative in the garb of some staff director or counsel. What is significant is that there are always several recognized staff claimants for the title, and the designation varies from Congress to Congress. More important, in the days of leaner and more "nonpartisan" staffing, the influence of a single or small cluster of staff could be even greater and more imperial than now—and frequently was.

At the same time, Malbin seems to underestimate the ability of members to rebuff the entrepreneurial staffer. I must acknowledge that intensive staff activity did on occasion—if only for reasons of morale—persuade me to introduce and pursue an amendment that I would not have concerned myself with had I been following my own instincts. But I felt I avoided peddling mere trivia or pandering to the eccentricities of staff members. When committee or personal staff came to me with a large bundle of proposals and engineered solutions, I tended to recoil. Most of my colleagues seemed to do likewise.

I worry much less about members of Congress becoming creatures of their staffs than I do about their becoming creatures of outsiders. Once in a while, I noticed members who almost automatically took on faith some proposal that came from the outside—whether from Common Cause, the American Enterprise Institute (AEI), the Farm Bureau, AFL-CIO, or from the bowels of the Pentagon. This happens in part because Congress handles so many more complex issues than it used to.

That is one of Malbin's underlying grievances—that Congress penetrates areas that he believes could better be left off a narrowed national agenda. He concedes that as a way of restoring some democracy to Congress, shrinking the public agenda could be a cure "worse than the disease." And he avoids getting too hunkered down in the AEI debate on the issue of an overloaded congressional platter (he wrote the book while working at AEI). But he fails to acknowledge that this problem—a Congress determined to bite off more than it can chew—is affected only marginally by the existence of staff. It has a lot more to do with politics. If spending and regulatory initiatives are reduced, as Malbin and many others hope, the vacuum will soon be filled by constitutional amendments and a medley of proposals for school prayer, family life, abortion, a one-term presidency, and all kinds of other non-budgetary, nonregulatory legislation. There are plenty of senators and representatives and interest groups—not just staff—to make sure of that.

To think that relief from the encumbrances of staff will create a purer air of decision seems foolish. Information is misused or slanted every day in Washington and elsewhere and there is no chastity belt solution. The firmest recommendation Malbin makes—for dual, blended committee staffs of both partisan and nonpartisan composition—might be a worthy goal for many committees, but it will hardly disinfect the system in the ways he would like. For Congress is a conglomerate of extraordinarily various talents, personalities and motivations, among both members and staffs. Strong staffs tend often to be entwined with strong legislators and strong

"FOR WHATEVER small credit he may be entitled to, Stephen Judy admitted that he deserved death. But what can be said of the protestors who stood outside the prison singing 'We shall overcome'? Apart from a moral exhibitionism, what have they shown the world of normal people? None of them was on hand to sing for Judy's victims; and it may be that Judy died nearer to grace than they will."

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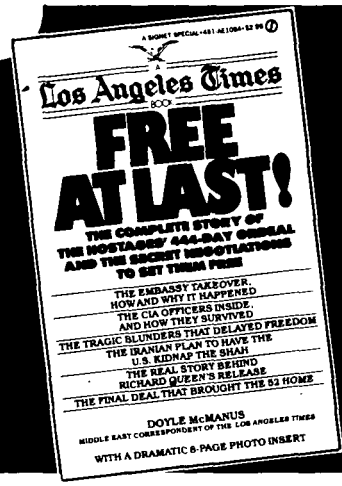
advocates. A Robert Kerr or a John Dingell would have had considerable capacity to shape the scope and content of legislation even without a staff. Force of personality still counts.

Malbin probably realizes that. He certainly understands how much his thesis has to be qualified for it to work at all. The result, though, is that virtually every recommendation to limit the role of staff is followed by a caveat; every bang in the analysis ends up a whimper. Insofar as this book is a cautionary tale about the indigestibility of more staff, it is already partially outdated. The growth of staffs has subsided rapidly after the burst of the early and mid-seventies. Most members will acknowledge that they have about all the staff they can handle. It is curious, however, that with so much talk of "legislative vetoes" and "sunset laws," a good many members and much of the public do not appear to appreciate the demand that these actions would create for more staff.

Some staff cuts can be made outright and some subcommittees eliminated entirely. More good targets for staff cuts include those institutions *in* but not quite *of* Congress—the many issue caucuses and "study groups" that further strain the attention of members. A few are useful instruments for cutting across the parochialism of Congress, but others clearly have a splintering and layering effect. These continue to grow.

Another area where staffs can have an intrusive effect is during conference committee deliberations, when senators and representatives are trying to work out the differences between their bills in an informal setting. I can recall serving on House-Senate conference committees involving armed services when members would come to tentative agreement only to find that staffs had successfully mounted counterattacks both from within and without Congress before final committee ratification.

This book is discerning in its diagnosis but weakened by a cloud of political naivete and by an uncertainty about whether it's the process or the product he finds most objectionable. Given the 1980 mandate for less government, he may even get a chance to see part of his hypothesis tested. But his search for the rebirth of Socratic dialogue between members of Congress likely will prove futile. If Malbin ends up liking the future more than the present it will probably be because of a change he favors in the politics of Congress rather than a change in the role of the staff. ■



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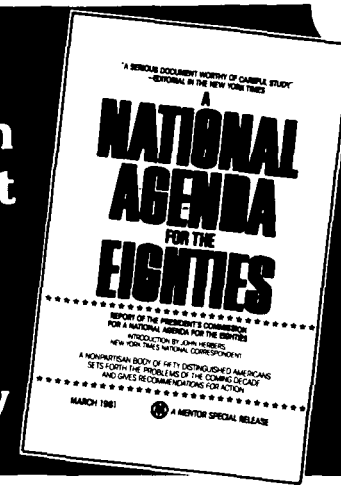

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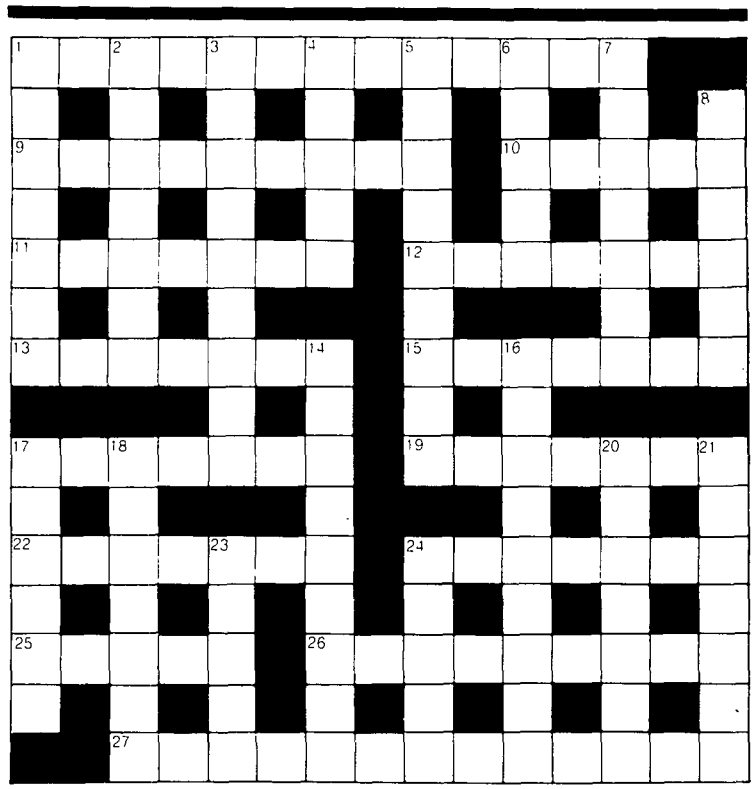
the political puzzle

by John Barclay

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word.



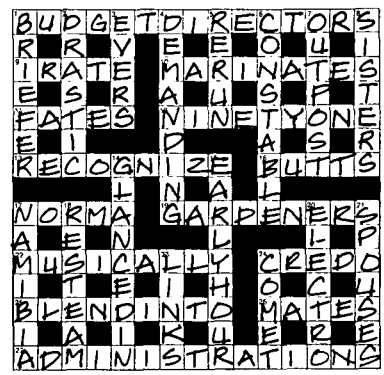
ACROSS

1. Relaxing ahead planned for Chief of State. (9,4)
9. Last part of bright idea is all wet? (9)
10. Show inane arrangement. (5)
11. Turns 600 rules around. (7)
12. Spin a magnet for identification. (7)
13. Castile turns flexible. (7)
15. Drug upsets Luis in the hotel. (7)
17. Follower of Lincoln or Kennedy? (7)
19. Capitol is home for misguided atoners. (7)
22. Pairs he made up for dresser. (7)
24. Get something done in Karachi everywhere. (7)
25. Lady's decomposition turns out unfortunately. (5)
26. Successful semesters a sign of friendship? (4,5)
27. Warehouse clerk who follows Michelangelo subject gets things done in Washington? (5,8)

DOWN

1. Funny air clue comes from the heart. (7)
2. Erie art displaced in Africa. (7)
3. Fixed principles disturbed beat souls. (9)
4. They follow gum and eye. (5)
5. Bubbling tonics mar dreamers. (9)
6. Warning about weapon in Los Angeles? Quite the opposite! (5)
7. Type of organ found when having tea in genial surroundings. (7)
8. Wildly anger a former movie actor. (6)
14. Disassembled Denver cog assembled. (9)
16. Tiny chest disguised by artificial means. (9)
17. Kipling stories that start exactly right. (4,2)
18. Accumulated rodhead assembly. (7)
20. Formula placing mineral source in third persons. (7)
21. Nets fish when movies popular? (5,2)
23. Blocking the view in the Land of the Free? (3,2)
24. Unusual bar to discontinue. (5)

Answers to last month's puzzle:



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political book notes

The Battle for Peace. *Ezer Weizman. Bantam, $14.95.*

Between Peace and War: The Nature of International Crisis. *Richard Ned Lebow. Johns Hopkins, $24.50.*

Beyond the Courtroom: Programs in Community Justice and Conflict Resolution. *Benedict Alper, Lawrence Nichols. Lexington, $23.95.*

Brass: Jane Byrne and the Pursuit of Power. *Kathleen Whalen FitzGerald. Contemporary Books, $11.95.*

Cities by Contract: The Politics of Municipal Incorporation. *Gary J. Miller. MIT, $19.95.*

Clean Coal/Dirty Air or How the Clean Air Act Became a Multibillion-Dollar Bail-Out for High-Sulfur Coal Producers and What Should Be Done About It. *Bruce A. Ackerman, William T. Hassler. Yale, $20/$5.95.* A book any serious student of government should force himself to read. Ackerman and Hassler describe how the Clean Air Act, which was supposed to stop pollution from coal-fired plants, boomeranged. Government regulators, enamored of high-tech wizardry, demanded that the plants install costly, complicated, and unreliable stack-scrubbing devices instead of much simpler and cheaper systems that would have kept pollutants from getting into the furnaces in the first place. Meanwhile the coal companies pulled a fast one, lobbying for regulations that, in effect, *required* utilities to use dirtier, high-sulfur coal.

The net result, the authors say, has been more pollution and higher prices—a loss for all concerned except the regulators and the lawyers, since there are now so many unreliable stack scrubbers to monitor and go to court over, and the dirty coal producers, since their undesirable product now has a guaranteed market. There are important lessons to be learned from *Clean Coal/Dirty Air*, but unfortunately only the very dedicated few who plow through the book will learn them—the writing is dry enough to absorb 99 times its own weight in excess stomach acid.

—Gregg Easterbrook

Courts of Appeals in the Federal Judicial System: A Study of the Second, Fifth, and District of Columbia Courts. *J. Woodford Howard, Jr. Princeton, $32.50/$12.50.*

Covering Islam: How the Media and the Experts Determine How We See the Rest of the World. *Edward W. Said. Pantheon, $10.95/$3.95.* True or false: there is a "return to Islam" sweeping the world. True or false: there is a "return to family values" sweeping this country. Said would probably consider the questions equally devoid of meaning. The point of *Covering Islam* is that the very subject, "Islam," is much too complex a blend of geographic, social, economic, historic, and nationalistic forces to be squeezed into the single all-encompassing term the media like to use.

Said, a Columbia University history professor who grew up in the Middle East, thinks the press is offering us about as useful a picture of the world of "Islam" as it did of China in the 1940s and Vietnam in the 1950s. The pun inherent in the book's title is that the way "Islam" is being covered, it's hard to see.

This book will help open eyes to a reality that should be obvious, namely that the Islamic world is not a single monolithic bloc of frenzied religious fanatics preparing round the clock to come and get us infidels. It's probably enough to skim the book, because Said is often repetitive, and his use of academic gag words like "hermeneutics" makes this a book you definitely can put down. The change in perspective is welcome, however, and reminds us there are many ways to see a seemingly one-sided issue; or, you might say, it all depends on whose occident is being gored.

—Rick Reynolds

The Decline and Fall of the Rehabilitative Ideal: Penal Policy and Social Purpose. *Francis A. Allen. Yale, $15.* About criminal rehabilitation, but so difficult to read that it's hard to be certain of much more. Maybe someone doing ten to life would have time to figure out what this book is trying to say.

Distortion or Development? Contending Perspectives on the Multinational Corporation. *Thomas J. Biersteker. MIT, $7.95.*

Doing Business in Washington: How to Win Friends and Influence Government. *Harris W. Fox, Jr., Martin Schnitzer. Free Press, $14.95.*

Economics of the Environment. *Horst Siebert. Lexington, $24.95.*

The Eisenhower Diaries. *Robert H. Ferrell, ed. Norton, $19.95.*

The Election of 1980: Reports and Interpretations. *Marlene Michels Pomper, ed. Chatham House, $15.*

Encyclopedia of U.S. Government Benefits. *Roy A. Grisham, Jr., Paul D. McConaughy, eds. Everest House, $14.95.*

Environment, Energy, Public Policy: Toward a Rational Future. *Regina S. Axelrod, ed. Lexington, $19.95.*

The Ethnic Myth: Race, Ethnicity, and Class in America. *Stephen Steinberg. Atheneum, $14.95.*

Free Enterprise Without Poverty. *Leonard M. Greene. Norton, $12.95.*

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The Greatest Power on Earth: The International Race for Nuclear Supremacy. *Ronald W. Clark. Harper & Row, $12.95.*

Implementing Public Policy. *Dennis J. Palumbo, Marvin A. Harder, eds. Lexington, $19.95.*

In My Father's House: The Story of the Layton Family and the Reverend Jim Jones. *Min S. Yee, Thomas H. Layton. Holt, Rinehart, $13.95.*

A Life in Our Times: Memoirs. *John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin, $16.95.* The author is, as always, immensely entertaining. Often he is also helpful as an historian, as is certainly the case here with, for example, his account of the Office of Price Administration.

But sometimes one suspects the history suffers at the hands of the entertainer, with anecdotes a trifle too pat, in the fashion of those "most unforgettable stories" in *Reader's Digest,* although Galbraith's are of course a good deal more elegantly told. In one case at least, the entertainer may have taken over completely. There's a two-page anecdote about a claimed key event in the West Virginia Democratic presidential primary of 1960. The story is news to me; I'd never heard anything about it, and I was heavily involved in that campaign from its first day to its last. Still, it's a lovely story.

—*Charles Peters*

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The Litigious Society. *Jethro K. Lieberman. Basic, $13.95.* The author, legal editor of *Business Week,* became with the 1970 publication of his *Tyranny of Experts* an honored pioneer in the anti-professional movement this magazine so zealously supports. In his new book he takes on lawyers and the legalization of American life. The result is consistently intelligent, but finally tepid and disappointing. Only three of 190 pages are devoted to the main problem—the adversary system—and only four to the best solution—mediation in most cases, and in the rest payment of all costs by the losing party.

—*C.P.*

Long Day at Shiloh. *Don Bannister. Knopf, $11.95.* A direct descendant of Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* and Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead,* this novel describes the first 24 hours of the battle of Shiloh through the eyes of assorted members of the Union Army of Tennessee. The fear, the noise, the loneliness, the confusion—most of all the arbitrariness of it—are left ringing in your ears.

The action and language seem authentic, as does the political mood. The Union soldiers (many of them boys) are motivated not by indignation over slavery but by anger against traitors. They need to hate the enemy blindly, since it is likely to include a brother-in-law. For most of us today it is very difficult to appreciate that only a century ago we were feverishly killing our own. This book is a powerful and readable reminder.

—*Pat Martin*

Making Schools Work: A Reporter's Journey Through Some of America's Most Remarkable Classrooms. *Robert Benjamin. Continuum, $12.95.*

The Nuclear Revolution: International Politics Before and After Hiroshima. *Michael Mandelbaum. Cambridge, $29.95/$8.95.*

One Third of a Nation: Lorena Hickok Reports on the Great Depression. *Richard Lowitt, Maurice Beasley, eds. Univ. of Illinois, $18.95.* Harry Hopkins hired Lorena Hickok, Eleanor Roosevelt's friend, to travel the country finding out if the government's relief programs were working. She was a temporary employee not interested in a government career; independent of the bureaucratic chain of command, she reported directly to Hopkins. She was also a newspaper woman and a fine one, so her reports were lively and compelling. They told Hopkins what he needed to know about what was actually happening as a result of the programs, and what changes, both in policies and personnel, were needed to improve them.

All government officials need Hickok's kind of reporting, but few get it. The information they receive is usually self-serving and soporific in its presentation. Honest, effective evaluation of government programs can come only from people like Hickok who have no career interest in the agency concerned, who do not report through a chain of command that can water down whatever they say, and who write well enough to get their reports read. All of which is why this book is must reading for those who care about making government work today.

—*C.P.*

Our Father Who Art in Hell: The Life and Death of Jim Jones. *James Reston, Jr. Times Books, $14.95.*

Policymaking in a Nuclear Program: The Case of the West German Fast Breeder Reactor. *Otto Keck. Lexington, $27.95.*

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The Politics of Land-Use Reform. *Frank J. Popper. Univ. of Wisconsin, $20/$7.50.* What's wrong with liberal reformers? That question needs to be answered by "progressives" scrounging around for new ideas in the Age of Reagan. One place they might look is in this provocative book that examines the failures and accomplishments of land-use reform efforts of the late 1960s and early 1970s. Land use sounds unbearably dull, but it's the kind of issue that affects the day-to-day quality of our lives: housing costs, property taxes, recreation opportunities, public services, neighborhood life, jobs and the environment. Fortunately, Popper's clear prose and penetrating analysis make this seemingly esoteric topic accessible and even interesting.

The land-use reform movement grew out of the failure of local communities and zoning boards to control the development boom of the 1960s. Their goal became centralized regulation at higher levels of government, the sort of populist-inspired regulatory agencies that have long been part of the liberal dream. Drawing on regulatory critiques from both the left and the right—from economist Milton Friedman and political scientist Theodore Lowi—Popper examines in detail six state regulatory programs. He finds, for instance, that the broader the mandate given the agency, the more ineffective it turns out to be. Such agencies, Popper finds, too often are so weakened in the real world of politics that they end up favoring the strongest interest groups—in this case, developers.

Popper's recommendations for environmentalists have wide implications for all liberals. He says land-use reformers need to broaden their upper-middle-class constituency and learn to sell their proposals in terms of economic self-interest rather than esthetics. He also says they should look to decentralized, nonregulatory measures to promote their cause and complement the work of higher-level agencies. So he urges them to concentrate on specific, winnable objectives, such as reforms in tax policy, public-works decisions and local regulations.

—Art Levine

Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number. *Jacobo Timerman. Trans. by Toby Talbot. Knopf, $10.95.* An autobiographical account of an Argentinian Jewish journalist who is imprisoned without charge and tortured for his writings about politics and race.

Timerman says 20,000 to 30,000 Argentinians have been murdered for political reasons in recent years, and that repression of Jews in that country outdoes anything since Nazi Germany. "The military," Timerman writes, "has always been unable to outline the reality they care to see materialize, but could quickly describe what it is they hate. They've tapped the vast reservoir of hatred and fantasy into one basic concept: World War III has begun, the enemy is left-wing terrorism, and Argentina, misunderstood abroad, is the initial battleground chosen by the enemy. Like the Nazi Final Solution they seek to exterminate anyone who is considered the enemy."

Timerman was imprisoned and his newspaper, *La Opinion,* confiscated by the government. He was freed only because of international pressure. He thinks

The Vietnam War in the Words of the Men and Women Who Fought There

NAM

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highly focused international attention is the only thing that will change Argentina, but that Jews neglect the country because it lacks the gas chambers and concentration camps associated with state-run repression. The military rulers, meanwhile, seem to believe that international pressures over human rights are keeping the world from recognizing Argentina's avant-garde role as the first country to really deal with terrorism. At any rate the word should soon get out; *The New Yorker* plans to serialize *Prisoner Without a Name* in its entirety.

—*Michael Hiestand*

The Real Reagan. *Frank van der Linden. Morrow, $10.95.* A sympathetic view of the new president.

Real Security: Restoring American Power in a Dangerous Decade. *Richard J. Barnet. Simon and Schuster, $10.95/$4.95.* About a year ago I found myself at a breakfast where Richard Barnet was the speaker. He was stumping for his book *The Lean Years* and delivered a scathing condemnation of government policies on resource use, local autonomy, and a number of other issues. A woman in the audience, obviously sympathetic, asked, "Now what should we *do* about these problems?" Barnet straightened his necktie and looked away. "I haven't done much thinking about specifics," he confided.

He still hasn't. Just as *The Lean Years* was little more than a recitation of resource questions and cliches, *Real Security* is a limp and 100-percent insight-free bibliography of the various schools of thought on how we might all get blown to kingdom come. Nearly every idea in the book is attributed to someone else. Finally, towards the end, there is a brief compendium of glissando generalities about how to "restore American power" and obtain "real" security. Barnet offers such down-to-earth solutions as "We need mutually agreed-upon restrictions on what each superpower can do with its military power which would outlaw future Vietnams, Dominican Republics, Chiles, Angolas, Czechoslovakias, Hungarys, and Afghanistans," and "Nothing could restore American prestige and influence faster than a dramatic reduction of our foreign oil dependence and a workable approach to the management of inflation that did not tear the country apart." Does Barnet suggest, even in the most roundabout way, what "a workable approach to the management of inflation that does not tear the country apart" *is?* If so I missed it. The book has all the pompous pointlessness of a *New York Times* editorial being read aloud by Orson Welles.

—*G.E.*

Regulating America, Regulating Sweden: A Comparative Study of Occupational Safety and Health Policy. *Steven Kelman. MIT, $19.95.*

Ronald Reagan: His Life and Rise to the Presidency. *Bill Boyarsky. Random House, $12.95.* Like it or not, we seem to have General Electric to thank for our current president. According to Boyarsky,

We elected him President of the United States – but do we know who he is?

Is he an actor reading his lines or a bred-in-the-bone conservative, the White Knight from California or the Great Communicator? Here a veteran journalist and historian, who has known Ronald Reagan since his days in the Sacramento State House, gives us a factual, dispassionate, unauthorized biography of Ronald Reagan's personal and political life. Drawing on candid interviews with Reagan's friends and enemies, Frank van der Linden has indeed captured the essence of *The Real Reagan.*

"If someone would like to learn a good deal about Reagan, this is a good place to start."—Barry Goldwater, U.S. Senator

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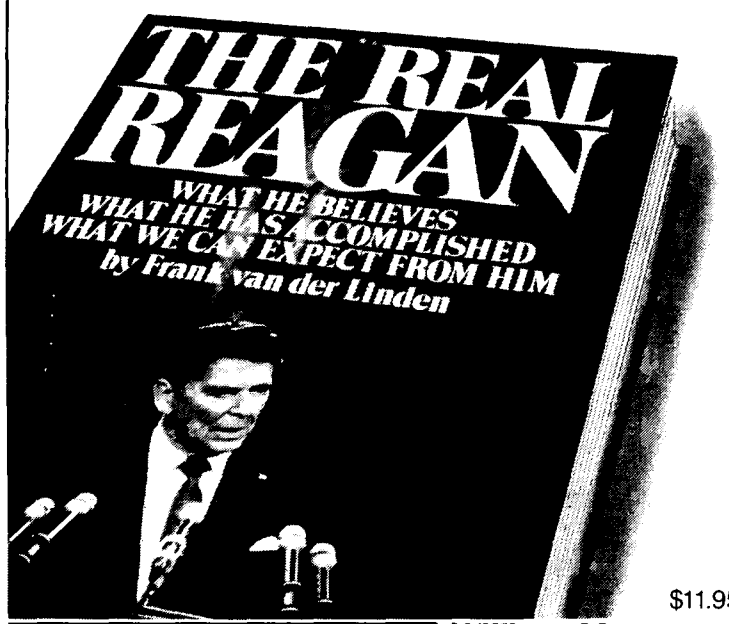

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back in Reagan's barnstorming days as a freelance political celebrity with no particular goal in mind, he was unable to answer audience questions while appearing at a panel discussion. He asked another guest, the president of GE, for advice. The executive replied, "You'd better get yourself a philosophy, something you can stand for and the country can stand for." Boyarsky's comment: "I think that's when he really started to change."

Boyarsky, a *Los Angeles Times* reporter who has covered Reagan since 1965, goes on to explain the results: Reagan got himself a philosophy all right, and now he won't let go. Reagan is "quick-witted, intelligent but not brilliant and without deep intellectual curiosity... He is the same in private as he is on television, and forever ready to give a speech, using the same answers over and over, clinging to familiar words as if to a movie script."

—*M.H.*

The Roosevelts: A Family in Turmoil. *Lillian Rogers Parks, Frances Spatz Leighton. Prentice-Hall, $12.95.* Always disorganized, often superficial but sometimes fascinating backstairs gossip about the White House under Franklin and Eleanor. Yes, Lorena Hickok was there a lot.

Solvency: The Price of Survival. An Essay on American Foreign Policy. *James Chace. Random House, $9.95.* If you've forgotten to read *Foreign Affairs* for the last couple of years but don't want to get caught flatfooted during cocktail conversaton at the University Club, that magazine's managing editor offers you a way out. James Chace has written 104 pages' worth of Monarch Notes that clue you in on such earth-shaking points of view as: "If we did more to increase our productivity, this would allow us to sell more and buy more, both at home and abroad."

Here and elsewhere in the book, the suggestions on how to get out of our mess are pallid and conventional. Chace realizes that we must convince our economically sound allies to start doing more for their defense, but he insists that "we must continue to be willing to pay the price for their essential security needs. We do not want a remilitarized Western Germany [or]... to see a rearmed Japan." Chace confuses rearming these countries (a bad idea) with forcing them to pay more of their share of the defense burden—a good idea he barely touches on because of oversensitivity about the Atlantic alliance. His view that some expensive weapons systems can actually hurt defense is, however, right on target. It's encouraging that such a view has made some headway in the foreign policy establishment Chace represents.

—*Jonathan Alter*

The Sting Man: Inside Abscam. *Robert W. Greene. Dutton, $13.50.*

The Suing of America: Why and How We Take Each Other to Court. *Marlene Adler Marks. Seaview, $11.95.*

Under the Influence: Congress, Lobbies, and the American Pork-Barrel System. *William Ashworth. Dutton, $8.25.*

Victory in the Voting Booth. *Beatrice Kay. ETC Publications. $17.95/$9.95.* A professional campaign manager gives instruction in the techniques of running for office. Kay insinuates that all candidates are fools, but there is a special dunce cap reserved for any candidate who doesn't hire a professional campaign manager. One like Kay, for instance.

The "how to" aspects of this manual will excite only someone who has been frozen in suspended animation under the polar ice cap since the Peace of Westphalia. It assumes complete ignorance of common political terminology, and is fraught with cliches. The author's wit offers no relief, either—her hypothetical beginning candidate is referred to as "Mr. Neo Fite." A real plodder.

—*P.M.*

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